THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

CONTENTS.

The Highland Hermitage, (*with a plate*), page 539
The Dutch Patriots, 543
The Pleasures of Benevolence, 547
What might be, 552
The Brothers, 557
Fraud and Avarice punished, 560
The American Lion, 561
Benedict, 563
Notices of the Calmuck Tartars, 566
The converted Savage, 569
On the Education of Women, 569
Justice and Mercy, 570

MEDLEY.

Diminution of the Sea, 570
Sagacity of Sheep and Cows, 570
Bon-mot of Mr. Kemble, 571
Johnson's Dictionary, 571
Enormous Whale, 571
The Land-Wind, 572
Superstitious Co-incidence, 572
Lightning made useful, 572
Life-Preserver, 572
Enormous animal Reliques, 572
National Debt, 73
Coffee, 73

POETRY.

Bouts-rimés, 573
The Valley, 573
Lines spoken by Mr. Osborn at the Haymarket Theatre, 574
Completion of Bouts-rimés—To Eliza, 575
Another—Maria's Lamentation, 575
Friendship—Imitation from French, 575
Sonnet to a Child, 575
Wife, Children, and Friends, 576
The Spirit of Joy, 576
Optical Deceptions, 576
L'Astrologue, 576
London Fashions, 577
Foreign Affairs, 577
Domestic Occurrences, 580
Births, 584
Marriages, 584
Deaths, 584
Appendix, 584

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The RECONCILIATION.
2. London MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. A new and elegant PATTERN for the Centre of a REGENCY SHAWL.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Besides an elegant and seasonable FRONTISPICE, *our Number for January will contain an accurate Likeness of* H. R. H. *the* PRINCE REGENT, *engraved by Mr.* HEATH.

The continuations of "*Sappho*" and the "*Trial of Love*"—and the "*Fatal Nuptials*," with a Plate—are given in the Supplement.

"*Winter*," by Miss Baxter, and "*Stanzas*," by Miss Squire, are also in the Supplement.

A youthful *Gosport* correspondent has no reason to apprehend "*too severe a criti ism*" from us. We never seek to wound the feelings of any correspond nt:—we could not do it without wounding our own. We nevertheless fee ourselves obliged to decline inserting these his first communications, w ich are not quite so good as we could wish, though they ominate ell for a youth of his years.

A *junior* correspondent's four stanzas, "*written on quitting* ********," we cannot insert.—"*I-de-a*" contains *three* syllables, and cannot possibly rhime with "*Year*"—"*Mesighs*" is not at all English, though *Meseems*, and its *exact* equivalent *Methinks*, are very good English to those who are acquainted with the real origin and syntax of the expressions.

"*Incognito*"'s stanzas are not admissible.

"*The Suicide's Grave.*"—In our last month's *Notices*, we announced our determination not to publish this novel, for reasons there alleged. It was therefore useless to send us the additional packet, since received.

"*A. R*"'s (or "*A. K*"'s) completion of the *September Bouts-rimés*, besides being late, is too incorrect for publication.

We have just received the packet containing *Anecdotes, Charades*, and the *Description of a game at Cards*. This last-mentioned article appears not to be perfect: but, in any case, we hardly think, at first sight, that we could make any use of it. The others shall meet with due consideration.—The *caution* shall be punctually observed.

The *Recipe for chapped Hands* shall appear in the Supplement.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Reconciliation.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER, 1811.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 501, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

"BEVILLE took my trembling hand, and led me into the drawing-room.—My lord advanced to meet me:—un-able to speak, I flung myself at his feet. His lordship raised and embraced me with tenderness, politely saying, 'I am not surprised, madam, at my son's attachment to you, as I already feel a strong impulse to love you. May my son and you long live happy in each other.'—But, not to weary your patience, Mr. Beville now took a house in town, which Lord K*** furnished very genteelly for us, and by his liberality enabled us to live in a style of elegance. His lordship was pleased often to express his esteem and regard for me, and never seemed so happy as when I was with him.

"But this happiness was but transient: the sun of my felicity set with the life of Lord K***. His lordship died suddenly, to the inexpressible grief of Beville, and me, who was attached to him by every sentiment of affection and gratitude. My husband, who tenderly loved his father, was for some time inconsolable, and thought not of pecuniary considerations.

"On the opening of his lordship's will, it appeared that his personal property, which was not considerable, he had bequeathed equally between his three daughters, who were children, and then in France for education. This disposition was undoubtedly an equitable one. The elder son, of course, came in for the estate. Mr. Frederic had received a liberal education, and was provided for in the army. Of the two younger sons, one was abroad in the East-India Company's service, and the other was an officer in the navy. His lordship, therefore, very justly considered them all as provided for, and had a right to do the best he could for his girls.

"The elder Mr. Beville, now lord K***, had married a city heiress, with whom, since my introduction into the family, we had live I rather on terms of ceremony than of affection. Beville, who really loved his brother, flew to join his griefs with his, for the loss of so good a parent. Our reception was frigid in the extreme. Lady K*** received me with all the *hauteur* of insolent wealthy consequence. I shrunk, like the sensitive plant, from a reception so forbidding. Beville, glowing with indignation at seeing me so treated, immediately led me out of the house.

"On our return home, I endeavoured to appease his anger: but he could not listen to me: he was determined to come to an explanation with his brother, and, for that purpose, called on him the next morning. On his return, I found him so agitated, that I was quite frightened.—'My Amelia,' said he, 'Lord K*** is no longer my brother: he is a cold insensible wretch, totally under the influence of a narrow-minded despicable woman.' When his angry emotions were somewhat subsided, I learned from him, that, as a brother, he had taken the liberty of remon-

strating with him on his strange behaviour, and on his wife's treatment of me; but that his lordship, instead of being in the least conciliating, was so cruelly insulting, that his unhappy brother, in a transport of rage, swore he would never more enter his house. His lordship, with a *sang-froid* that pierced Beville to the heart, replied that his threat was not of such consequence to his peace, as he seemed to apprehend; that, if Beville would behave himself as he ought to do, he should be glad to see him; but, if he chose to absent himself from his society, such a determination would not in the least diminish his happiness.

"Mr. Beville, who was of a sanguine, open, generous temper, keenly felt the unkind treatment of his brother. It preyed on his mind, the continual uneasiness of which soon affected a constitution naturally delicate; and his health visibly declined. It was with the most heart-felt anguish I perceived the first symptoms of indisposition. He endeavoured to remove my fears, by assuring me that I alarmed myself without a cause; and, to make me easier, he assumed the appearance of better spirits.

"We now felt the want of Lord K***'s liberality; and it became necessary to retrench our expenses. We therefore quitted our house, which the present state of our finances would have made it highly imprudent to have continued. We took lodgings: and now all the horrors of my fate began to break upon me. My husband's disorder gained ground: he began to be sensible of it himself. He had the advice of the most eminent physicians, who, observing my extreme distress, confirmed my fears by their sympathising looks.

"But, to pass over as speedily as possible a scene which even now rends my heart with anguish, all human help was vain: they could not restore to health my husband, so dear to me, the father of my child, the only friend I had on earth.—A thousand and a thousand times did my dying Beville press alternately to his cold bosom his distracted wife, and helpless infant, lamenting his hard fate, to be obliged to leave us to the mercy of an unfeeling world. He sold his commission; and the produce he settled on me and my child. He wrote a most pathetic letter to his brother, Lord K***, entreating of him to be a friend to his widow and fatherless child.

"Lord K*** had humanity enough to visit his brother in his last moments, and solemnly promised him to take care of me and his child. This assurance had the happy effect of making the last moments of my husband easy. His soul, resigned and composed, (when he was reconciled to his brother, and had secured, as he fondly thought, his friendship to his family) took its flight to the realms of everlasting happiness. He breathed his last sigh in my arms. I had just strength to support him in that awful moment, when, nature being quite exhausted, I fainted by the dead body of my husband. A violent fever ensued, during which I was, for a considerable time, insensible of my misery.—Lord K*** took charge of his brother's funeral: but, from that time to this, I have never seen or heard any thing of him.

"I had one friend, one faithful and affectionate friend, to whom (though in an humble sphere of life) nature had given a most tender and feeling heart. This faithful creature had attended on me from my childhood: she accompanied me when I left my native home; and I am well persuaded that no consideration, however powerful, could have prevailed on her to abandon

me. She was the constant attendant of poor Beville during his long and severe illness: and she watched over me, with the most unwearied attention, while sinking under the pressure of disease and sorrow. And, when I was capable of listening to her, she would endeavour, in a voice full of gentleness and goodness, to sooth and console me. It was she that proposed to me to quit town, and mentioned her father's cottage as a proper asylum for me, in the present distracted state of my mind.

"Un-able to think or determine on any thing, I was guided entirely by her advice. She attended me with my child to this place, where I arrived in the most deplorable condition both of body and mind. But time, assisted by the pure air of the country, together with the quiet and affectionate attention of the good old people and their daughter, contributed to restore my health, and to alleviate my affliction.

"My affection for my child made me wish to live for his sake: it made me lament the cruelty of his uncle, who could so inhumanly break the solemn promise he had made to a dying brother, that he would take care of his child. I have had no spirits to make application to his lordship; nor, on my own account, should I ever think of it. Naturally fond of a rural and retired life, I am now more than ever averse to entering again into the gay world; and could most cheerfully end my days in this quiet cottage, but for this boy—this dear boy! He was born to better prospects: I would wish him to have the advantage of a better education, than it will be in my power to give him."

Here ends my widow's tale, Stanhope. What an inhuman brute must this Lord K*** be!—I have a slight acquaintance with his lordship. I am now waiting his arrival in town, and intend to have some conversation with him respecting his nephew.—If I can make nothing of him, I will myself be this boy's protector: I will be a father to him. Nay, more, can his mother think less on her lost Beville, I will be a husband to her; and she shall be the wife of my bosom. No jarring interests can cast a cloud on our union. I am independent: my fortune is considerable; but it cannot procure me happiness, unless I can share it with Mrs. Beville.

Mrs. Beville knows not at present the fond wishes that fill my heart. I wait till my interview with Lord K*** is over. I shall then fly to her on the wings of love. May my sweet widow smile propitious on my hopes!—Wish me success, Jack.—I shall not write to you again, till this affair is finished. Till then, adieu! and believe me to be most sincerely yours,

CHARLES DENHAM.

Mr. Denham to Mr. Stanhope.

STANHOPE! I am happy—happy as my fondest wishes can make me! Mrs. Beville, my adored Mrs. Beville, will be mine; and Lord K*** has feeling, though for a while it has lain dormant in his bosom. I have been fortunate enough to awaken his sensibility in favor of his nephew. He listened to me with patience: he saw me grow warm in the cause I had espoused; and, when I perceived him affected, I endeavoured to soften the asperity of my remonstrance, by asking his lordship's pardon for my interference in his family affairs.

My lord was for some time so confounded and embarrassed, as not to be able to make me any answer: but at last he surprised me, by thanking me for my generous concern for a poor neglected boy; and assured me, with a great deal of emotion,

that he had not known a happy moment since he had broken the promise he had made his brother in his last moments. "I have," added he, "made some inquiries after Mrs. Beville and her son; and, to my shame, Mr. Denham, I will confess, that I heard with pleasure of their retiring into the country, and have hitherto entirely neglected them. But I flatter myself, for the sake of my own peace of mind, that it is not too late to make some atonement for the inhumanity of my behaviour. When this child arrives at an age to receive instruction, I will, if agreeable to his mother, have him educ with my son, who is nearly of his age. And, to put it out of my power to retract, I will immediately make a handsome provision for him." —This assurance made Lord K*** and me friends; and we parted with mutual professions of regard.

I now flew into the country, to communicate the glad tidings to my lovely widow. When I arrived at the cottage, the smiles of Mrs. Beville to me had such wondrous charms, that, even in the cold and dark month of December, they made the face of nature look gay. With a heart full of love, and a determination to make known its emotions, I anxiously observed the expressive features of my widow, when I entered her abode. She looked confused; her voice faultered when she bade me welcome: she placed a seat for me by the fire; and in a moment after, forgetting that she had done so, she brought another chair from the further end of the room. Recollection redoubled her confusion, and tinged her cheeks with a rosy red. Vanity whispered in my ear that this embarrassment could not be unfavorable to me: it gave me infinitely more satisfaction, than if she had received me in her usual placid easy manner. When the heart, Jack, is not interested, the common routine of courtesy and politeness flows easy: but, when we feel emotions that we wish to conceal, it gives an air of aukwardness and flutter to every thing we do.

I related to Mrs. Beville what had passed between Lord K*** and me, and told her how happy it made me to be able to assure her that his lordship really meant to protect his nephew. Mrs. Beville listened to me with transport expressed in her countenance: she thanked me in the most animated terms for having interested myself so successfully in favor of her son; and, while she thanked me, the tears glistened in her eyes.

A tender and delicate woman in tears must always be an interesting object: what then must my feelings be at this moment! I was disconcerted: I hung my head, and looked liked a fool.—I made several efforts to disclose the situation of my heart to the dear object of all my wishes: but I could not articulate a syllable. I was dumb—absolutely dumb, Jack; and, in all probability I should have remained in that state till this time, had not the glowing widow made a faint effort to withdraw her hand, which I still held compressed in mine. Then, Stanhope, I told her, and I told her true, that I loved her—fondly loved her—that, without her, I could not be happy.—But why should I attempt to relate to you a love-conversation, which I know you think, of all subjects, the most insipid? Most anxiously did Mrs. Beville endeavour to persuade me to forget her. She begged of me not to think of uniting my fate with hers, observing that a union with her had, in all probability, been the primary cause of Mr. Beville's death; and adding that it

might possibly in many respects be injurious to me. Besides, she was not what she had been:—broken in health, broken in spirits, she could not be a proper wife for me.

I easily refuted all these arguments. I told her, it was her want of health, that languor which hung about her, that first caught my attention;—that, had I seen her in all the pride of rosy health and prosperity, I might have admired, put possibly should not have loved her;—that her misfortunes, her pale face, her dejection, had so endeared her to me, that my heart was hers, long before I was sensible of loving her.—Mrs. Beville at last owned, with all the charms of blushing modesty and animated tenderness, that a heart once softened into love can again feel all the refinements of a delicate passion; that, dear as Beville had been to her, she yet thought it possible to be happy with me.

Congratulate me, Stanhope! None of thy cold precepts of prudence! I can but be happy with such a woman as this, whose conduct has been exemplary in the most trying situations of life. You say that I at present breathe all the enthusiasm of passion—that reason has no power over me—that I may soon see this connexion in a different point of view.—Impossible! Remember, I have often told you, it was not beauty that caught me. Mrs. Beville, though lovely, must yet give place, in brilliancy of beauty, to many women I have beheld with indifference. It was a certain nameless something which I cannot define (nor, if I could, would it be worth my while to attempt it, to such an insensible being as thee) that first won me to her—that humble modest worth, which seemed to shrink from observation, and sought to hide itself in retirement.

Lord and Lady Beaumont approve my choice; and they are at least as good judges of a woman's merit as your worship. But I know you, Jack: I know, that, when you have seen my fair one, you will admire her.—Mrs. Beville is at present with Lady Beaumont, and will continue there till the ceremony of marriage makes her mine. I am employed at present in making some alterations at Denham Lodge, as I intend to carry my bride there, as soon as the priest has joined our hands. You were once fond of this place, Stanhope: I flatter myself you will not like it the less, for my having introduced an amiable woman as mistress of it. If I do not meet you there on my arrival, I shall think you have forgotten the friendship we have so often sworn to each other.—Adieu!

CHARLES DENHAM.

(To be continued in the Supplement.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page 495.*)

BOOK III.

IN the camp of the virtuous Coligni, the Batavians, animated by the valour of the Gallic warriors and by the intrepid firmness of their chief, rise superior to misfortune, and already feel their hearts expand with the hope of future triumphs. The French, on the other hand, are inspired with the same sentiments by the courage and prudence of William, and by the bare sight of his heroic band. Thus the glowing orb of day imparts his genial fires to the surrounding planets, and from them derives in turn fresh fuel to feed his eternal flame.

Meanwhile the Spaniards, and the other warriors who served under the banners of Guise—taught by the issue of a combat whose fatal consequences they could no otherwise es-

cape than by a precipitate flight—were now too surely convinced that Nassau and the Batavians had united their arms with those of Coligni: they had therefore prudently suspended their hostile attacks; and Coligni, to whom proposals of peace were made—Coligni, ever sparing of the blood of his countrymen, forbore to provoke the enemy to a renewal of carnage.

While the two armies thus remained inactive, the French and Batavian chiefs resigned themselves to the unrestrained indulgence of friendly intercourse, and mutually communicated to each other their most secret thoughts. William relished the sweets of this pleasing intimacy with the greater satisfaction, since he had dispatched trusty confidants on whose zeal he could depend, with directions to traverse the Belgic and Batavian provinces, and sound the inclinations and designs of the citizens. He now awaited their return, in that tone of mind, under which the soul, long harassed by hope and fear, enjoys a temporary relaxation, when allowed to taste the sweets of transient repose.

A serene sky, a fertile climate, where Boreas seemed to forget his native rigor, and the southern sun mildly attempered his scorching ray, attracted the attention of these warriors—invited them at times to contemplate those favored spots where nature is in unison with man, and speaks to his soul in the most energetic accents. Allured by the magnificent spectacle, they climbed the towering heights, took in at one view a boundless expanse of horizon, traced the course of a noble river in its various mæanders through forests, cities, mountains, and plains. At the same time their souls, soaring above the narrow limits of earth took their flight through the vast empire of created being—penetrated into the remote regions of infinity, and discovered the eternal source whence emanated the universe, and whence the universe has derived that orderly arrangement and those wise laws to which frail mortals owe whate'er of happiness they enjoy in this sublunary sphere.—At times they suffer their minds to be rapt in profound rêveries inspired by the solemn harmony arising from the murmurs of buzzing insects and the light whispers of the fluttering foliage.

While, absorpt in such thoughts and sentiments, they seem to forget their existence on earth, they are discovered by those celestial genii who gave birth to arts and philosophy for the purpose of alleviating the miseries of mankind—of refining and exalting their souls.—During the long night of deep barbarism, when the earth was, as it were, replunged in its primæval state of chaotic confusion—when robbery and murder stalked with giant step through the cities and the plains—when man (if so degraded a slave deserved the honorable name of man) was chained to the soil which he cultivated—bedewed it with the sweat of his brow—and received no other reward for his toil than his own tears—during that dismal period, those genii hovered around the tombs of Homer, of Plato, of Zeuxis, of Praxiteles gloomy mansions of departed heroes, whence melodious sounds were heard to issue, which struck astonished mortals with amaze.—The heavenly visitants now return to the haunts of men: a vivifying spirit moves over the dark empire of choas: affrighted Tyranny totters on her throne; and Superstition has taken the alarm. Philosophy, and the arts which smooth the way for her progress, have a second time made the plains of Italy re-echo with their enchanting

scents: they already prepare the dawn of those happy days which are to gild the horizon of France—and of those, still more distant, when, obedient to their lessons, her aspiring sons shall erect altars to Liberty.

The warrior band fix the attention of those celestial genii, who presently descend from their aërial station to the regions of earth, and, enveloped in a cloud, mingle themselves with the Gallic and Batavian chiefs, whose steps they insensibly direct toward a solitary palace erected by their immortal hands, and deeply embosomed in the recesses of a forest, whose thick foliage conceals it from view. There they prepared the cultivation of the reviving arts and sciences, and watched over those master-pieces that each had produced in its former flourishing days—treasures, which their guardian care had rescued from the ravages of time—had protected from the destructive rage of barbarism—had collected in this retreat, and here preserved, as the sacred fire which was to re-animate one of the finest portions of the universe. Thus, un-extinguished by the winter's cold, within the bowels of the earth still glows the principle of heat and life, which, as the revolving seasons proceed, will again embellish her surface with verdure, with flowers, and with fruits.

The genii, who rarely reveal themselves to human eye, and whose apparition transports their mortal beholders in ecstasy, present themselves to the sight of those warriors under the form of venerable sages living retired in this sacred asylum. "Ye generous heroes," said one of the heavenly visitants—"who have devoted your lives to the cause of humanity! approach our abode: here enjoy in perspective the happy effects which are to ensue from your exalted sacrifice: and let the example of times past furnish you with instructive lessons for the time to come."

At these words, all the riches treasured up in this repository are displayed to the warriors' view. On every side, the masterly productions of antiquity, or others of more modern date but possessing all the merit and beauty of former ages, charm their eyes, and captivate their souls; while, amid the dire tempest of wars and passions which disturb the universe, philosophy, and literature, and the arts, rear their peaceful heads in this sanctuary, and are here cultivated in security. Thus, during a storm which throws the surrounding atmosphere into confusion, the lightning's blaze respects some favored spot, which still continues to enjoy a serene sky, and where the warring winds do not ravage the rich perfumes exhaled from the opening flowers.

Fired with enthusiastic ardor, the heroes with one voice exclaim—"O Italy! thou art fated to subdue the world a second time, and to bind the conquered nations with flowery chains. From thy bosom the arts will ride triumphant to the frozen pole: already, Gallia! they approach thy boundaries.......Oh! may they mollify the hearts of thy sons, illuminate their minds, and relax their grasp to drop the blood-stained sword! Oh! when will shine forth that happy day, which shall see these trees transplanted, and spreading their fostering shade o'er the Batavian and the Belgic plains?"

Hurried away by the torrent of ideas crowding upon their minds, the warriors are scarcely able to support the powerful effects of the sentiments which swell their bosoms; and the illusion becomes, to their eyes, a reality.

What new creation is this?—The chisel produces living limbs—the pencil sheds streams of light—the marble assumes the softness of flesh—the canvass recedes in long perspective, and opens a second universe to view. The Batavian and the Gallic warriors fancy themselves surrounded by a host of heroes, who, to gratify their sight, were risen from their tombs—of those heroes, who, by their discourses and their actions, extended the empire of Liberty—who fought under her standards, and achieved the emancipation of their country.

Here, Socrates, by the calm steadiness of conscious virtue, seems yet to condemn his perverse judges, even at the moment while they pronounce their iniquitous sentence:—there, Cato, illumined by the Grecian sage with a ray of immortality, uplifts his unshrinking arm, and offers to his darling Liberty the greatest sacrifice that ever graced her altars—a sacrifice, at which Cæsar himself turned pale, in despair of ever being able to ascend the regal throne:—on another side, Timoleon veils his eyes with his purple robe, and delivers up a beloved victim to be immolated at the shrine of Liberty.—But who is yon aged sire? He does not yet bend under the weight of accumulated years: the spirit of liberty animates his whole frame; it beams from his eyes, and animates every feature of his face:—his hand grasps the shining steel.—'Tis Brutus, the founder of the liberty of Rome! Yes, generous hero! we recognise thee: thy voice speaks in persuasive accents to our souls: that sword shall, in our hands, ..." and each of the warriors stretched forth his arm to seise the mimic weapon.—Under another form, the senior again appears: inflexible on the seat of justice, he listens only to the voice of his country, while he pronounces the rigid sentence on his own offspring: no tear moistens his eye: no sigh escapes from his lips. Rome admires and applauds his magnanimity, while she shudders with horror at the sad spectacle, and lays the foundation-stone of the temple which she prepares to erect to Liberty.

"Venerable shades!" exclaim several of the Batavians—"you have emerged from the realms of death to inflame our courage. But the sacrifices you made were crowned with success; while we, less fortunate, have seen Victory for a moment throw open the gates of her temple before us, and again shut them to oppose our entrance."

At these words, a cloud began to darken their eyes, when one of the genii, speaking in the name of Brutus, thus addressed them—"Victory will again open wide her portals; and it ill beseems you to sink under the pressure of temporary misfortune. All those heroes, whose images here meet your view, have struggled with difficulties, before they were enabled to snatch the meed of honor. Let your persevering steps tread the allotted circle of toils which fate has marked out for you; thus shall you merit to rank with these great men; and perhaps at this moment shoots forth the laurel which is to encircle your brows with a wreath of immortal glory."

He said, and, stretching forth his arm, pointed to Doria, the deliverer of Genoa. He next conducts them toward those Helvetian villagers—those dauntless assertors of their country's liberty—whose images are, by some unseen power, multiplied at this moment beyond number. Rushing from their huts, they converted their native rocks into weapons, exterminated the despot,

destroyed his numerous armies, and erected that monument where the hand of Time slowly consumes the accumulated bones of their invaders—a monument, whose name, pronounced in presence of those mouldering relics, and repeated by the echoes of the impending hills, resounds to distant countries, and strikes terror into the bosoms of those tyrants who dare to oppose the generous efforts of their people in favor of liberty.

The warriors, with awful respect, view these heroic villagers, who appear greater in their rural simplicity than the most potent monarchs environed by the pomp of courts, and attended by crowds of fawning flatterers and obedient slaves: they eagerly press forward to the breathing canvass which exhibits their features, and regret that they cannot clasp them to their bosoms. "Whence," exclaim they, "such courage as to venture, with the aid of only a few families, to encounter those myriads of enemies? whence such miraculous success, as to triumph over their numerous hosts? Happy to have enjoyed the protection of your rocky ramparts, which a guardian deity has chosen for her favorite abode, deign to communicate to us some sparks of the fire which glowed in your breasts!—But are not our souls already inflamed with the love of liberty?"

"Yes!" answered the genius—"a tutelar deity does inhabit those rocks:—at this moment she descends from her arduous station, and prepares to peragrate the whole universe.—Learn, Batavians, that the rocks, on which those heroes took their stand, would have proved a feeble rampart, without the additional aid of that courage which rendered them inaccessible. Be it therefore your ambition to emulate those heroic deeds, and once more to fix the attention of mankind by similar prodigies of valour; and, as to you, gallant sons of France! let your courage one day astonish the world with still greater prodigies.—Need I," continued he, addressing the Batavian warriors—"need I, from the dark gulf where past generations sleep entombed, summon up to your view those numerous heroes among your progenitors—those undaunted defenders of their country, and watchful guardians of her laws—who cemented and consolidated the basis of her future greatness and prosperity? A ferocious tyrant, Godfrey, having determined to extinguish the martial spirit of the Frisons, forbade them the use of arms; and—to such frantic excess will despotism proceed!—ordained that their necks should be constantly encircled by the fatal cord, in order that he might terminate their existence the moment they presumed to breathe the slightest murmur......"

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

The Pleasures *of* Benevolence; *or the History of* Lady Mortimer.

That the gifts of Fortune should be un-equally bestowed, has frequently afforded subject for the discussion of the skeptic and the fatalist—the one doubting the directing hand of Omnipotence, and the other asserting that the good or bad fortune of each individual was pre-ordained from the beginning of the world.—To leave the baneful skeptic to the indulgence of his unhappy sentiments, and the misguided fatalist to his less hurtful principles, I shall merely observe that the gifts of Fortune are thus variously distributed, to answer some great, and at the same time, good purpose.

We frequently see wealth bestowed upon a being incapable of

enjoying it, whose contracted mind never expanded with sympathising emotions toward the distressed; and we as often behold the man whose heart is tremblingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, miserable from not possessing the power of relieving them.—But, when the wish and the power are happily blended together, when fortune empties her cornucopiæ into the lap of a being in whose heart benevolence and humanity united reign, then, and then only, have we the power of beholding human nature in its most exalted state.—Though many such characters exist, yet, from circumscribed acquaintance, and various other causes which it is unnecessary to describe, they may not be known beyond the field of benevolence where that attractive virtue is exercised.

In a work peculiarly calculated for the perusal of the fair sex, it may not be un-interesting to them to be made acquainted with the character of a female whose extensive benevolence may be compared to the nurturing influence of the morning dew; and who, instead of sinking under domestic sorrows of the most trying nature, endeavours to bury the remembrance of them in the heart-soothing gratification of relieving the distressed. Endowed with all the charms which could adorn a female, rich in the gifts of fortune, and surrounded with admiring friends, the heart of Matilda Beverley might be said scarcely to have felt a painful emotion until she had attained the age of nineteen.—At that period, a malignant fever deprived her of a mother, whose maternal fondness had constituted the chief happiness of her life, and whose bright example strengthened those precepts which were calculated to adorn and purify her mind.

Taught by those religious sentiments which had been so carefully inculcated, to bow submissively to the decrees of the great Parent of the universe, she struggled to subdue a grief which by indulgence might have become criminal, and endeavoured to banish the recollection of her sorrows in the active duties of life.—Numerous were the proposals which had been made to Mr. Beverley for his daughter, previous to this melancholy event taking place: but, convinced that she would never form an improper attachment, he left her at entire liberty to make her choice.—So ample was the fortune which Mr. Beverley could bestow upon his daughter, that wealth was not an object in the selection of this choice: yet, as if Providence kindly meant to extend the wide field of her benevolence, the being whose superior virtues excited her admiration, possessed the means of enjoying all the luxuries and elegancies of life.

A similarity of taste, and a congeniality of disposition, were strikingly discernible in Sir Henry Mortimer and Matilda Beverley; and, though he had never openly avowed that affection which marked his every action, yet, when he feared her gentle nature would sink under the loss of a beloved mother, he instantly became a declared lover.—No fastidious delicacy influenced the conduct of Matilda: she had always admired Sir Henry Mortimer; and that sentiment was soon blended with one of a more exquisite nature: yet, as she resolved to wear the external marks of that sorrow which agitated her gentle bosom for a twelvemonth, no persuasion could induce her to bestow her hand until that period of time was expired.

Happiness the most refined was the result of this union. At the ex-

piration of a year, it was increased by the birth of a lovely boy; and that sweet cement of conjugal affection was annually augmented for three successive years.

"The task of education commences from the earliest period of childhood," observes a celebrated author; and such was the opinion of Sir Henry and Lady Mortimer.—Their children were at once the admiration and the pattern of all their acquaintance, and promised to yield their attached parents an abundant harvest of future comfort.—Seven years of almost matchless felicity did a beneficent Providence ordain to Lady Mortimer; when that sun which had gilded a life of purity and usefulness, was suddenly overshadowed by a cloud of the darkest hue.

To commemorate the sixth birthday of his beloved son, Sir Henry determined to give an entertainment not only to his tenantry, but to all the neighbouring poor; and the little Frederic was permitted to preside at one of the tables, as master of the feast.—A beautiful piece of water mæandered through the extensive domain of Sir Henry Mortimer, which emptied itself into the Severn's more rapid stream. Near that spot the child unfortunately directed his footsteps, to show some of his young company a newly-erected obelisk.—In this ill-fated walk, he was attended by his tutor, and followed by his attached parents; each admiring his sportive movements, and delighted at beholding the joy displayed upon the countenances of his humble guests.—The happy party had just reached a picturesque eminence, which sloped down to the margin of the stream, when Frederic threw a ball down it, and as instantly flew after it; and, propelled forward by an irresistible impulse, plunged into the bed of water beneath.

A shriek from the alarmed tutor, united to the screams of the surrounding children, informed the devoted parents that some calamity had befallen their beloved boy. With the rapidity of lightning, Sir Henry darted forward, followed by the almost distracted Lady Mortimer, who rent the air with exclamations of "Oh my child! my child!"—The feelings of the father were wrought up to the highest pitch of agony, when he beheld the object of his fondest affection struggling rise, and then vanish from his sight. Unhesitatingly he plunged into the ingulfing element, and instantly shared the fate of the hapless child.

Near the unfortunate spot, was a deep cavity, which occasioned a kind of eddy beneath the water; and into this the amiable Sir Henry Mortimer, and the blooming little Frederic, were both drawn.—I must spread a veil over the scene which followed.—How suddenly was the mansion of joy converted into a house of mourning! Yet did no murmur against the dispensations of Providence ever escape the hapless Lady Mortimer's lips.—Two lovely girls were yet left as a consolation to their pious mother—two sustaining props, to enable her to support this trying calamity: but scarcely had her mind regained that degree of composure which enabled her to turn to these slender sustainers, when both were wrested from her by the iron hand of Death!—A favorite attendant of the little girls was seized with symptoms of a sore throat, and, unwilling to excite alarm in the bosom of her lady, deferred complaining until the disorder had acquired a dangerous height—in short, until the ulcerations had an appearance of the putrid kind.—Though this mistaken young woman had carefully avoided embracing the children, yet, from her sleeping in the same apartment,

he air was infected by the disease; and, in less than a week, the unfortunate Lady Mortimer lost the two beings who alone had the power of giving a relish to life.

Like Rachel in the sacred writings, she at first "refused to be comforted:" but the soothing power of religion soon acted as a balm to her wounded mind; while acts of unbounded charity and beneficence at once beguiled the heavy hours, and occupied her time.—A constitution naturally delicate could not avoid suffering materially under such heart-rending trials; and Lady Mortimer was advised by her physicians to try the effect of the air in Devonshire.—Lisbon was at first proposed: but to that place she objected; and, having arranged every thing for the advantage of the poor dependents upon her benevolence, she set out, at the latter end of September, for the place where she intended passing the winter, accompanied by a young lady of the name of Downing, who had recently lost her father, who had brought up a large family with great credit, upon the produce of a living of a hundred and forty pounds a year.

It was one of those fine autumnal mornings in which nature decks the surrounding scene with those glowing tints that charm the eye of the beholder, and which have been so happily depicted by Claude Lorraine, that Lady Mortimer and her *protégée* quitted the scene of her entombed happiness, in pursuit of that health, which sorrow had so materially injured.—The prayers and tears of the objects of her beneficence at once gratified and affected her; and, as she waved her hand in token of a last adieu, she sank back into the corner of the carriage, overwhelmed with a conflict of distressing emotions.—In this state of silence and sorrow, she passed the first eight miles, when her attention was roused by the sudden stopping of the chariot: she instantly let down the glass to inquire the occasion of it, when she beheld a female, apparently lifeless, stretched on the side of the road.

The domestics of Lady Mortimer all appeared to have imbibed a portion of her philanthropy; for, as the footman hastily sprang from his seat, the butler and lady's maid descended from the post-chaise in which they traveled, and in the same moment were at the poor creature's side.—The butler, who had long lived with the deceased Sir Henry, had, in compliance with his master's wishes, learned the art of phlebotomy: and, while the female attendant supported her head, he instantly began preparing to take a little blood from the arm.—A feeble groan evinced returning respiration.—"Perhaps a cordial, my good Jackson, might be more efficacious," said the sympathising Lady Mortimer, as she bent over the interesting form of the unfortunate stranger.—The medicine-chest was immediately opened, and the renovating liquid cautiously administered; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, the exhausted sufferer was able to speak.

To that curiosity which has no other aim than that of gratifying an idle propensity, Lady Mortimer was a stranger: but there was something in the young woman's appearance, which excited a more amiable sentiment; and her deplorable situation was in itself sufficient to call forth a warm interest in a heart so tremblingly alive to distress.

"Do your friends live near, my dear girl?" inquired Lady Mortimer in a voice soft as the dulcet notes of the lute.—"Friends, madam!" repeated the object of her sympathy—"Alas! I know not that

I have a friend in the wide world."—"The unhappy have ever had a claim upon my friendship," rejoined her ladyship; "and I consider it peculiarly fortunate that I was traveling this road. I think you can now bear the motion of a carriage; and I am certain that both Brown and Jackson will be very attentive to you."—So saying, she re-ascended her own equipage, desiring the coachman and postillion both to drive very slow.

When her ladyship reached the inn where a relay of horses had been ordered, she had the satisfaction of seeing the unfortunate being whom her benevolence had snatched from a premature grave, very much restored, yet still so completely debilitated that she was under the necessity of being lifted out of the chaise.—The officious landlord no sooner heard his guest give orders for the invalid to be removed with the greatest gentleness, than, with officious zeal, he summoned his wife; though no small degree of astonishment was marked upon his countenance, on perceiving her clothes very much discolored by the dirt of the road.

The landlady instantly obeyed the summons: but, upon the first glance at the hapless young woman's face, she lifted up her hands and eyes with an air of astonishment, exclaiming, "Mercy upon me! mercy upon me! if here be'ant the lost sheep!"

"Do you know this young person?" inquired Lady Mortimer in a tone rather different from that in which she was accustomed to speak.—"Sure enough I does, an' please your ladyship, though I can hardly believe my own eyes. It is Lissey Clarke, who we all thought was gone into foreign parts with the captain, that was billeted so long upon our house."

A hectic glow overspread the pallid cheek of Eliza, while tears started into her eyes.—"Do not distress yourself, I entreat," said her ladyship in a soothing accent; then turning to her communicative companion, desired the invalid might be carried into a comfortable room.—Though the landlady's account of the object who had excited so much benevolence in the sympathetic heart of Lady Mortimer, was calculated to inspire injurious suspicions, yet her ladyship was one of those amiable characters who never form hasty conclusions from report; and she resolved to remain at the inn until the following morning, when she flattered herself the invalid would be so far recovered as to be able to relate the circumstances which had brought her into that forlorn state.

A carriage at that moment drove into the yard, which the communicative landlady informed her belonged to Doctor Cavandish, a physician of great eminence, who resided at about six miles' distance from her house, but who, for the last month, had regularly attended a gentleman in the neighbourhood, three times in the course of a week.—This gentleman her ladyship instantly resolved to consult, and accordingly sent Jackson to him, to entreat that he would favor her with his company before he left the house, as she was desirous of hearing his opinion of an unfortunate young person whom she had accidently found in an almost lifeless state upon the road.—The humane physician instantly followed the servant, and, upon hearing the poor young woman's name pronounced, exclaimed, "Good God, madam! how fortunate! Surely your passing at such a critical juncture must have been the work of Providence! Poor girl! poor girl! she is much to be

pitied; she has been cruelly and basely deceived: but," continued he, "I will see what can be done for her; and then, with your permission, I will give you an epitome of her life."

Lady Mortimer immediately led the way to the unfortunate young woman's chamber, whose countenance, upon seeing the doctor enter, displayed a mixture of joy and surprise.—"My poor girl!" said he, approaching the sofa on which she was reclining, "I am grieved at seeing you in this deplorable state." Then seising her hand, which he pressed with the warmth of sincere friendship, he took out his watch, and remained for some minutes intently gazing upon its face.

"Languid to an excess!" said the sympathising physician. "I think, madam, a glass of good Madeira at the present moment would be more efficacious than any prescription I can write."—Lady Mortimer instantly rang the bell: the reviving beverage was accompanied by some Naples biscuits, one of which was steeped in the wine.—The doctor having declared it his opinion that the extreme debility under which his patient labored, was more the effect of want than of disease, Eliza faintly said, "Indeed, Doctor Cavendish, I have not tasted a morsel of animal food for more than six weeks; and I am but just recovered from a dreadful fever, which for one and twenty days threatened to destroy my life: but Oh! in mercy, tell me, does my beloved mother yet survive?"—Doctor Cavendish, having relieved his patient's mind by answering in the affirmative, and recommended quiet, retired with Lady Mortimer into another room; when, after having expressed his admiration of the humanity which had influenced her conduct, he gave a sketch of the object's history, on whom it had been exercised, in the following words.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MIGHT BE.

(Continued from page 222—by MARIA.)

LADY Gertrude Montravers, daughter of the Earl of ***, was one of those lovely and fascinating females, whom it was impossible for the most indifferent beholder to view without a mixture of admiration and delight: yet, while nature lavished such an abundance of charms upon her face and person, she had totally neglected the embellishment of her mind.—To describe the intrigues and machinations of an artful and designing female, however high her rank, or transcendent her charms, could afford little satisfaction to the generality of those readers who expect to find a mixture of morality and entertainment in the Lady's Magazine. —I shall therefore merely say, that, while Lady Gertrude encouraged the attentions of Major Beauchamp, she was endeavouring to allure Sir Frederic into an engagement which it would be impossible for him to break. —The dread of his coming to the knowledge of those anecdotes which redounded so much to her dishonor, was one of the motives which induced her to practise those artifices which proved so destructive to her lover's peace: yet her attachment to him was of so ardent a nature, that, to gratify it, she would, like a second Helen, have set the country in a blaze.

Though Sir Frederic Montgomery's attachment was no less ardent than Lady Gertrude's, yet he had too high a sense of filial duty, to enter into an engagement for life, without consulting a parent whom he at once loved, venerated, and esteemed.—That Lady Montgomery had the most powerful reasons for

opposing such a union, Lady Gertrude was fully persuaded: therefore it was necessary, before her lover's letter could receive an answer, to practise those schemes which should have the power of counteracting its effect.—For several days, therefore, her ladyship thought proper to refuse Sir Frederick admission; and, when his feelings were wound up to a pitch of agony, by the account her Abigail gave of the excessive sorrow which preyed upon her spirits, she at length consented to his earnest entreaties of seeing her only for five minutes.

"What distress can my beloved Gertrude labor under, that her adoring Frederick is not permitted to share?" inquired the agitated lover, in the most sympathising tone of voice.—Sobs and tears for some moments impeded utterance.—At length, "My bane, and antidote!" she emphatically exclaimed, clasping her hands, and raising her azure eyes to heaven, with all the appearance of unfeigned grief.

"What means my love?" inquired the astonished Sir Frederick: "those fearful expressions harrow up my very soul! Oh Gertrude! torture not thus, a heart devoted to you.—Oh! tell me, sweet enchantress, is it a crime most exquisitely to love?"——"False, faithless, yet beloved Frederick, have you not bound yourself to make Selina Manners your wife? bound yourself by a bond irrevocable—even by the forfeiture of half your estate?"

"May the judgement of heaven light upon the wretch whose deceitful tongue uttered so base a falsehood!" exclaimed the baronet, embracing the deceptious being, who was thus artfully working upon his ingenuous feelings.—"Thus, my adored angel," (he continued) "do I cancel that imaginary bond."—So saying, he wrote the following words upon a piece of paper, and, in the true spirit of ancient romance, touched a vein in his hand with a pen-knife, and sealed it with his blood—"If ever I marry any other woman than Lady Gertrude, I relinquish to her ladyship the whole of my personal and landed property, and expect the judgement of heaven to fall upon me: and may the finger of scorn be pointed at me, as a wretch too contemptible to be admitted into society.

"Signed,

"FREDERICK MONTGOMERY."

"Oh my beloved Frederick! the sudden transition from the depth of despair to the perfect climax of earthly felicity actually overpowers my senses! yet it would be in vain to attempt describing the ecstatic sensations I at this moment experience!—Picture to yourself the joy of the benighted traveler wandering in an inextricable labyrinth, when he beholds the beauteous queen of night rising in unclouded majesty, to conduct him to his peaceful home; or imagine the delightful sensations the agitated mariner experiences, when he first views the brilliant rays of Phœbus breaking through the sable clouds which hovered over him, and dispersing the gathered storm!—Such happiness has your constancy imparted to the bosom of your Gertrude—such happiness, did I say?—Ah! no!—it is far more exquisite—far more delicate, and refined."

These passionate declarations were succeeded by others equally ardent; and the unsuspicious Sir Frederick listened to them with a mixture of adoration and delight; little imagining the sinister motives which inspired them, or the interested views of the object he so tenderly esteemed.—Lady Gertrude had re-

cently met with many mortifications; for some of her right honorable associates had penetrated through that veil by which her real character had been so long concealed; and the busy tongue of rumor had circulated many anecdotes which enveloped her ladyship in a cloud of disgrace.—Though Lady Gertrude *Montravers* might be mortified by the coldness of distant civility, Lady Gertrude *Montgomery* would doubtless be greeted with universal smiles; as, from the character of her husband, she should borrow a portion of that respectability which excited a mixture of admiration and esteem.—Another circumstance influenced her ladyship's conduct; for, as gaming had been her favorite vice, she had been compelled to obtain large sums at an exorbitant interest; and her finances were in a most embarrassed state.

Thus secure of either husband or fortune, the versatile Lady Gertrude no longer thought it necessary to allow Sir Frederick Montgomery exclusively to possess her smiles; and the handsome Beauchamp (as he was termed) arriving at Paris a few days after the voluntary engagement entered into by Sir Frederick, was honored with the most decided marks of her ladyship's preference and esteem.—This preference occasioned the duel which was so near being fatal to both parties, and which has already been described: but it is impossible to paint the joy of Sir Frederick Montgomery upon discovering that the friend whose image was continually haunting his imagination, was still alive. Of the depraved Lady Gertrude, he had not heard any thing, from the period of his having discovered her deceptious schemes—schemes, which threatened to blast all his hopes of earthly happiness, and prevent him from enjoying tranquillity or peace.

Scarce had Sir Frederick Montgomery perused the letter of Major Beauchamp, when he flew to the hotel whence it was addressed The consequence was, as might be expected, a perfect reconciliation between the two friends.—Duped as the Major professed to have been by the artifices of Lady Gertrude, he acknowledged himself a trifling sufferer, when compared to Sir Frederick: yet he conjured him not to suffer depression to prey upon his spirits, and endeavoured to persuade him it was impossible she could ever venture to claim his promise.

Delightful as was the Major's mode of arguing, yet it made but a slight impression upon Sir Frederick. "I am formed by nature," (said he) "for the enjoyment of domestic happiness: yet, from one unguarded act, I can never have the gratification of tasting it.—I am even compelled to avoid the society of every interesting female, and to close my eyes against attractions that would interest my feelings.—Even now I must tear myself from the bosom of my family, to avoid the pangs of hopeless attachments."—The refined feelings of Sir Frederick Montgomery rendered him peculiarly susceptible to every sorrow to which human nature is liable; and, in addition to his own, he deplored some secret one, which evidently undermined the constitution of Lady Fitzallan.—That she was not happy, he discovered upon his first arrival in Ireland. This he in some measure attributed to the constant society of the dowager Lady Fitzallan: but, though that unpleasant circumstance was removed by her having paid the debt of nature, yet the depression of his beloved sister's spirits still continued.—Though he considered the subject too delicate to be touched upon openly, yet he had often indirectly endeavoured to obtain

Lady Fitzallan's confidence;—but, with a forced smile, she invariably tried to turn the conversation, and as regularly decked her expressive countenance with the appearance of cheerfulness.

That Sir Henry was not the kind of husband he should have chosen for his beloved sister, was evident:—his having permitted his mother to assume those family distinctions to which she alone was intitled, had not only struck him as extraordinary, but as a want of tenderness and respect.—He had even remarked this singular circumstance to Lady Fitzallan, and informed her he should express his sentiments upon it to her husband: but she assured him the renunciation of her privileges had been voluntary on her part, and entreated him not even to hint the subject to Sir Henry.—A thought also struck him, that, with the fair recluse, Sir Henry was better acquainted than he pretended; yet it was impossible that he could have any improper acquaintance with her, or he would never have established her so near the residence of her ladyship.—Should chance ever again prove his friend, and introduce him to that lovely creature, he determined to implore her to relieve his mind from such a painful state of suspense, by candidly informing him whether she had ever any acquaintance with Sir Henry Fitzallan.

Lady Montgomery, and her son and daughters, had been about ten weeks in London; and the former, in spite of his declaration to Major Beauchamp, still continued the constant guest of his brother-in-law, attracted by a magnetic charm of the lovely Caroline, which he found completely irresistible.—Had any other man except Sir Frederick Montgomery paid such pointed attention to his sister, without professing the motive by which he was influenced, Captain Legoxton would have demanded an explanation of conduct, which appeared inexplicable: but that Sir Frederick should ever attempt to engage the affections of any female unless his own were previously attracted, he knew to be incompatible with that high sense of honor which he had always evinced.

That his sister was pleased with the attentions of the all-accomplished baronet, must have been evident to the most indifferent observer: yet it might only proceed from that secret gratification which it was natural a young mind should feel, from the pointed civilities of a man so universally admired.

Though, during the confinement of Mrs. Legoxton, Caroline never frequented any place of public amusement, yet upwards of six weeks had elapsed since that lady had not only ventured abroad, but had occasionally mixed in private parties, and places of public resort:—in either the one or the other, Captain Legoxton's party were certain of being joined by Lord William Beauclerk, an elegant young nobleman, who had contrived to elude the vigilance of Bonaparté, and who, in his escape from the power of the enemy, had encountered hardships of the severest nature.—Though Lord William and Sir Frederick had been contemporaries at Oxford, yet there was, in the manners of each, a distant reserve towards the other; and Sir Frederick, in particular, appeared to suffer unconquerable inquietude, if Caroline appeared to receive his attentions with pleasure.—This enigmatical mode of conduct in a man so naturally ingenuous excited astonishment in the mind of Captain Legoxton; and at length he resolved, the first opportunity, to mention the subject to his friend.—Scarcely had

he formed this resolution, when Sir Frederick Montgomery entered the room.—"I have brought tickets," said he, "for Ellen and Miss Legoxton, to attend the marchioness of ***'s masked ball; and I am this moment going to Sir George Collier's to obtain one for you."—"The ladies will doubtless be highly gratified," replied Captain Legoxton; "and I shall think myself no less obliged: but do stop five minutes, dear Frederick, as I wish to have some conversation with you."

"At any other time, you may command my attention for the same number of hours, my dear George; but I must fly to Park-lane, or my friend Collier will, I am positively assured, be out:—but, to-morrow morning, I am your devoted:—at the present, adieu!"—So saying, Sir Frederick closed the door of the library, and mounted the horse which was waiting his return.

The ladies were, as Captain Legoxton had imagined, highly gratified at the prospect of the ball: Caroline, in particular, expressed herself upon the occasion in the most animated terms.—The carriage was instantly ordered for the purpose of procuring the necessary articles of dress; and, just as they were stepping into it, Lord William Beauclerk joined them.—"I am the most unlucky man in the world, my dear Mrs. Legoxton," said his lordship: "I have been driving half over London this morning, for the purpose of procuring three tickets for the Marchioness of ***'s masked ball; but I can only obtain two, which I entreat that you and Miss Legoxton will do me the honor of accepting."

A glow of secret satisfaction overspread the animated countenance of Lord William, when he understood the ladies had already secured the power of admission into the polished circle of the marchioness of ***, as he could then enjoy the gratification of being their escort: yet the pleasure he had experienced was evidently diminished, when he heard the tickets had been obtained by Sir Frederick. Endeavouring however to conceal his chagrin, he requested permission to step into Mrs. Legoxton's carriage, and accompany her to the warehouse.

After discussing the subject of characters, it was agreed they should appear as a party of Circassians, which the elegant form* of both ladies, but particularly Caroline, rendered them peculiarly calculated to represent.—From the masquerade warehouse, they drove to a music-shop, for the purpose of obtaining a flute, a mandoline, and a tambourin, the only instruments which are made use of by the natives in that unfrequented part of the globe.—The remaining part of the day was spent in arranging their different ornaments, and practising two Circassian airs, which Lord William had learned from a beautiful Circassian slave of his mother's, whom she had purchased during the time his father was ambassador at the Russian court.

As Sir Frederick Montgomery had not succeeded in his application to Sir George Collier, Captain Legoxton could not have joined the party, had not Lord William had a ticket to spare: and, about eleven o'clock, the two ladies and three gentlemen arrived at the Marchioness's splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square.—Never had the elegant form of the lovely Caroline appeared to so much

* As soon as a female child is born in Circassia, a wide leather belt is sewed round her waist, and continues till it bursts; which is replaced by a second, and successively repeated until she becomes an adult. By this practice, the form acquires a degree of perfection beyond what the imagination can conceive.

advantage, as in the dress she that night wore. Grace and symmetry were completely blended:—every eye followed the groupe, and every voice was inquiring who they were.—To the delighted girl every thing appeared like the work of enchantment—she was all eye, all soul, and all ear; and though she seemed desirous of making no distinction between Lord William and Sir Frederick, yet it was evident the observations of the latter were attended to with greater pleasure.

A female in a superb domino, attended only by a lady's maid, had, from the entrance of Captain Legoxton's party, followed them the whole night. This circumstance, though perceived by Mrs. Legoxton, made no impression for some time: but, observing that the eye of the incognita was merely fixed upon her brother, she inquired if he had any idea who she could be.—Sir Frederick's attention had been so totally engaged by the amiable Caroline, that he actually had not seen the obtrusive observer: but, turning his eye according to his sister's direction, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Merciful powers! it can be no other than Lady Gertrude!"—The voice evidently reached the ear of the strang[e]r; for in an instant she vanished out of the room, while the agitated Sir Frederick, overcome by a variety of contending emotions, was under the necessity of abruptly leaving his party, and rushing into the open air.

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 497.)

Chap. V.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.
In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her heart beguile;
And England's honest valour fail'd—
Paid with a cold but courteous smile.
Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flow'r, more fair than they,
Found her fair soul; and, wand'ring near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.
Langhorne.

A few days after the departure of Frederic Saint-Villiers, Sir Everard Reevesmore arrived at Castle Rossford, and took the earliest opportunity of speaking upon the business that had brought him thither. In the gentlest manner he communicated the information he had received, and the result of those inquiries it had induced him to make, which, though not absolutely proving the facts, corroborated the accusations against Saint-Villiers.—He besought her ladyship to hear him with patience, and to be assured that he was actuated by no other motive, than a love little short of parental, when he told her that his own observations upon the gentleman in question were such as to convince him that he was not a man, with whom a woman of a cultivated mind, and every gentler *trait* that constituted a truly amiable and feminine character, could be happy.

"Of his society," pursued Sir Everard, "you would have little; but you would hear of him from every circle of dissipation and extravagance.—Are you, my Theodosia, a woman, whose tenderness would be rewarded by being told that her husband drank more wine, or made a grander stroke at billiards, than any of his contemporaries? Would you be satisfied with hearing him commended, as one of the first horsemen, and possessing the finest stud in the kingdom, when he was never mentioned as the kind landlord, the unwearied friend, the zealous patriot, or the enlightened sena-

tor? Ought not these, my beloved niece, to be the characteristics, by which the man to whom you delegate your power should be known? Could you—sensible—delicate—venerating whatever is great or good in human nature—could you, for any length of time, tolerate the mere man of pleasure, or the society that would collect about him?"

Lady Rossford was struck with this forcible appeal to her judgement. Some of these considerations, though in a feebler mode, had occurred to herself: but love had hitherto overpowered them; and the soothing Mrs. O Donnell had always seconded its arguments. Her ladyship, however, could not so soon give up the cause:—she descanted on the little reliance that was to be placed on anonymous information; and that such errors as Saint-Villiers was accused of, were rather owen to a sort of habitual dissipation and unfixed principles, than to innate depravity.—His reformation, she had the strongest grounds to hope, was already commenced; and, when he had a proper home and affectionate companion to resort to, she doubted not that he would place his happiness in them, while the character and the consequence he would feel, as representative of the barons of Rossford, would be securities to her for his acting up to the duties of his situation.

Sir Everard attempted to convince his niece of the fallacy of such expectations, and inquired, whether a previously established moral character would not be as good a *security* for the conduct of the man to whom she entrusted the preservation of her family honors. He thought the æra of Saint-Villiers's reformation very dubious, when, *subsequent* to her acceptance of his *devoirs*, his intrigue with the most celebrated courtesan of the Irish metropolis had been carried on with a notoriety that caused it to be blazoned forth even in the public prints. The baronet then instanced the danger Saint Villiers had been in, when, as he was driving four high-fed blood horses through the streets of Dublin, they took fright, and ran away; and his companion, jumping out, was severely hurt.—"This companion," pursued he, "was universally stated to be the beautiful Mrs. Wilkinson, then living under the protection of the above illustrious charioteer.—Oh! Theodosia! is it on one thus careless even of decorum that the daughter of my beloved sister means to bestow herself?"

Lady Rossford, covered with blushes, acknowledged herself no stranger to the story, but added, that Saint-Villiers had been extremely hurt at the connexion being blazoned forth in that manner, as he had solemnly assured her that his journey to Dublin had been made solely for the purpose of breaking it off; and no one could condemn his folly more severely than he had done himself, in appearing as a public escort to Mrs. Wilkinson, whom he was then fetching from her villa to a solicitor's in the city, where articles, securing to her a permanent provision, were lying ready for her acceptance.

"And if Mr. Saint-Villiers's imprudence thus disregards the obvious decorum of situation and respect to his affianced bride, what, my love, is your future dependence?" inquired Sir Everard.

The lovely apologist knew not what to reply. She felt all the indelicacy of thus selecting a reprobated character: but, even while her reason assented, her heart rebelled; and Sir Everard, finding she could

not be prevailed upon to give up the connexion altogether, exerted his utmost rhetoric to induce her to defer it—to take at least six months, both for reflexion, and as a sort of probationary term, which might enable her to form some judgement of the progress of that reformation, in which she still warmly contested that her intended husband would persevere.

The entreaties, the exhortations of one she respected as a father—who had proved himself the best of guardians and of friends—she could not totally disregard.—She even flattered herself, that, in that period, his sentiments might alter, and her compliance be rewarded by an approbation, without which, she felt that something would still be wanting to her happiness. Saint-Villiers, who alone could have prevented this acquiescence, was at a distance; and, after fully revolving it in her mind, her ladyship thought the best way to avoid discussion on the subject, was, not to enter into such particulars as would excite his replies—but simply to write, and state, that, for incontrovertible reasons, she wished to defer their nuptials some months beyond the period originally intended for their celebration; that, on many accounts, the delay was so proper on her side, she trusted it would not be objectionable on his; and, for the present, entreated that there might be a suspension of any preparations which he had thought it necessary to make.

Her ladyship felt that there was a most unsatisfactory air of coolness and constraint pervading this epistle; but she could not bring herself to tell the man whom she preferred above all others, that her confidence had yielded to the arguments brought against him: and at last, though far from contented with its style, she prevailed upon herself to dispatch what she had written.

By one of those whimsical chances which often occur in human affairs, within a few hours after finishing her letter to the son, her ladyship received most flourishing proposals from the father, adorned with every compliment which could induce her to receive them, and bewailing his accident, which, he said, contrary to all his hopes, would detain him another fortnight: but, unable any longer to endure the agonies of suspense, he besought her to honor him with such an answer, as, by inspiring hope, would enable him to bear this cruel delay with more philosophy than he could at present command.

It may appear extraordinary, that, after waiting so long, Lord Saint-Villiers should thus all at once yield to his impatience; but, from a hint he had lately received relative to Lady Rossford's real sentiments, he resolved on a decisive step; and, while he wrote, vowed the most signal vengeance, should the son, who had always been a plague, prove in reality a successful rival.

Saint-Villiers, instead of proceeding directly to Dublin upon his leaving Blenmore, had fallen in with a party of *bon-vivans*, by whose allurements he was detained above a week, and consequently did not reach the capital till after the dispatch of his father's letter.—Lord Saint-Villiers had already determined upon his reception, and, consonant to his scheme, was more cordial than usual. He thanked him for his attention—observed that they had mutually been the object of each other's thoughts; and then—after a slight preface on the beauty and opulence of an English lady, niece to Lady Blenmore—said that his heart was bent upon his son's marrying

her—that he had made overtures to the purpose, and requested that Mr. Saint-Villiers would immediately set off for London, to take advantage of the prepossession he had been at so much pains to excite.

Frederic bowed profoundly, but said that his destiny seemed at present too well fixed to allow him to think of changing it, and then proceeded to detail his present prospects.

The indignation of Lord Saint-Villiers could hardly be commanded during the recital; and it was no sooner concluded, than he positively forbade all thoughts of the alliance.

Frederic, as may easily be imagined, answered cavalierly enough, that, if he could not have his lordship's consent, he must then proceed without it, and console himself under the certainty of Lady Rossford's.

The anger of Lord Saint-Villiers may be more readily conceived than described; and he threw out a dark and haughty menace, that, if the young gentleman continued refractory, he must expect a privation not only of paternal favor and fortune, but even of his very rank in society.

To lose what appeared an inalienable right of birth, seemed so childish and absurd a threat, that it was unheeded by its auditor: and, going to Lord Blenmore's house, who was just returned from England, he was so engrossed by company for two or three days, that he gave it not another thought.

(*To be continued.*)

FRAUD *and* AVARICE *punished in the person of Mr.* EYRE, *the famous Paper-stealer.*

(*From Macauley's "Literary Amusements."*)

AN aunt of his died in Somersetshire, to whom he was heir at law. She had been attended, during a long and tedious illness, by a physician in the neighbourhood, who, from his friendship and regard for her, not only promoted her recovery (some years before her death) but would not accept of any fee for his long attendance on her. His kindness and assiduity so highly ingratiated him into her esteem, that she made a will, whereby she bequeathed him all her fortune, which was very considerable; and when he waited upon her one day, she presented him with it, saying, "Pray, Doctor, read that paper at your leisure." He accordingly took it with him: but, upon seeing her again, represented to her in the most forcible terms, that he had a sufficient competency to live easily and contentedly, that he had no higher ambition than to attend his patients, serve them, and merit their good opinion; but that, if he were to accept the bequest she proposed, he might forfeit their esteem, in diverting the channel of succession in her family. In fine, with great difficulty he perusaded her to make a new will, in which she bequeathed the doctor only a thousand pounds, appointing him one of her executors. Upon the demise of the good old lady, the doctor wrote to her nephew in London, informing him that he had succeeded to his aunt's fortune, and desiring Mr. Eyre to come down to give the necessary orders for her funeral. Mr. Eyre accordingly went down into Somersetshire, and, upon his arrival at his aunt's, was met by the doctor, who informed him there was a will made in his favor, in her bureau, directing him to the drawer in which it was. Mr. Eyre went up stairs, and finding his aunt's testament, with the item in favor of the doctor, immediately burned it. The doctor, upon seeing Mr. Eyre again, asked him if he had found the will. Eyre, at first, denied having met with any one; but being hard pressed, at length ac-

knowledged that he had destroyed it, saying, there was no occasion for a will, as he was by law heir to the whole estate. "Yes," (says a friend of the doctor's who was present) "but there was a legacy of a thousand pounds in behalf of the doctor—do you intend to pay that?"—"I know nothing of any legacy," replied Eyre, "and shall pay none." This so enraged the doctor, though he despised the money, that he immediately said, "If that's the case, you have destroyed the will, and have none to show:—let me tell you I have one," and immediately produced the will in his possession, whereby he became successor to a fortune of near twelve thousand pounds.

The American Lion.

The Abate Molina, in his "History of Chili," gives the following particulars respecting the American lion, which we extract from the English translation.

The *pagi* (felis puma) called by the Mexicans *mitzli*, and in Peru *puma*, the name by which it is best known to naturalists, has by the Spaniards been denominated the lion, which it resembles in its shape and its roaring, but is wholly destitute of a mane. The hair on the upper part of its body is of a greyish ash-color, marked with yellow spots, and is longer than that of the tiger, particularly on the buttocks; but that on the belly is of a dusky white. Its length from the nose to the root of the tail is about five feet, and its height from the bottom of the foot to the shoulder twenty-six and a half inches. It has a round head shaped much like that of a cat: the ears are short and pointed, the eyes large with yellow irides and brown pupils. Its nose is broad and flat, the muzzle short, the upper lip entire and furnished with whiskers, the mouth deep, and the tongue large and rough. In each jaw it has four incisors, four sharp-pointed canine teeth, and sixteen grinders. Its breast is broad; the paws have each five toes, armed with very strong nails, and its tail is upwards of two feet in length, and like that of the tiger.

The number of toes on the hinder feet would alone be a sufficient characteristic to distinguish it from the real lion, which has but four. The pagi may, however, be considered as an intermediate species between the lion and the tiger. Its cry, although not so loud, differs not materially from the roaring of the African lion, but in the season of its loves becomes changed into a shrill whistle, or rather a frightful hiss like that of a serpent. The female is rather less than the male, and is of a paler color; like the African lioness, she has two dugs, and brings forth but two young at a time.

Such is the lion of Chili; it may, perhaps, in other parts of America, offer some shades of discrimination, as I have been informed that those of Peru have a longer and more pointed muzzle. The pagi inhabits the thickest forests and the most inaccessible mountains, from whence it makes incursions into the plains to attack domestic animals, particularly the horse, whose flesh it prefers to that of any other. In its mode of seising its prey it resembles the cat; it approaches it by drawing itself upon its belly, glides softly through the shrubs and bushes, conceals itself in the ditches, or, if it shows itself, assumes a mild and fawning appearance, and, watching the favorable opportunity of seising the animal which it has marked for

its victim, at one leap fastens itself upon its back, seises it with its left paw and teeth in such a manner as to render it impossible for it to escape, while with the right paw in a few minutes it tears it to pieces. It then sucks the blood, devours the flesh of the beast, and carries the carcase into the nearest wood, where it conceals it with leaves and boughs of trees, in order to eat it at its leisure.

As it is a common practice for the husbandmen to fasten two of their horses together in the fields, whenever the pagi finds them in this situation, it kills one and drags it away, compelling the other to follow by striking it from time to time with its paw, and in this manner almost always succeeds in getting possession of both*. Its favorite haunts are the streams to which animals usually repair to drink, where it conceals itself upon a tree, and scarcely ever fails of seising one of them. The horses, however, have an instinctive dread of these places, and, even when pressed by thirst, approach them with great precaution, carefully examining upon every side to discover if there is danger. At other times one of the boldest goes forward, and, on finding the place secure, gives notice to his companions by neighing in a sprightly manner.

The cows defend themselves well against the pagi; as soon as he appears, they range themselves in a circle round their calves, with their horns turned towards their assailant, await his attack in that position, and not unfrequently destroy him.

The mares, when there are a number of them, place themselves in the same manner, though in an inverted order, around their colts, and attempt to repel their enemy with their heels, but one of them almost always becomes a victim to this maternal love. All those animals that have not young, on the approach of the pagi attempt to save themselves by flight; the ass alone, from his want of speed, is compelled to defend himself with his heels, which frequently proves successful; but should the pagi, notwithstanding his efforts, leap upon his back, he immediately throws himself on the ground, and endeavours to crush him, or runs with all his force against the trunks of trees, holding his head down so as not to dislocate his neck. By these means he generally succeeds in freeing himself from his assailant; and there are but few asses destroyed by an enemy so frequently fatal to much stronger animals.

Notwithstanding his ferocity, the pagi never ventures to attack a man, although he is continually hunted and persecuted by the latter. He is naturally a coward, and a woman or child will make him fly and abandon his prey. He is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose, and, when hard pressed by them, either leaps upon a tree, seeks an asylum upon a rock, or placing himself against the trunk of some large tree, defends himself in a furious manner, killing many of his enemies, until the hunter, watching his opportunity, slips a noose around his neck. As soon as the animal finds himself taken in this manner, he roars terribly, and sheds a torrent of tears. The skin serves for various uses; good leather for boots or

* The wolf is said occasionally to adopt a similar mode of securing its prey. I have been assured by an intelligent foreigner, that it is not unfrequent in France for that animal, when the presence of the shepherd, or any other circumstance, prevents it from killing the sheep which it has singled out for its victim at its leisure, to seise it by the wool of the neck, and compel it to go off with it by striking it with its tail.—*Amer. Trans.*

shoes is manufactured from it; and the fat is considered as a specific in the sciatica.

BENEDICT; *a true History.*

(*Continued from page* 522.)

WHEN we assembled at breakfast the next morning, I heard with the liveliest emotions of sorrow, that the amiable Mariann had passed a restless night; and I could not help fancying that the eyes of her anxious parent seemed to say, "To you do I attribute the cause of my beloved child's illness."—Be that as it may, we were all un-usually silent: that inspiring ray, which had formerly given so much fire and spirit to conversation, no longer illumined it: a cloud of darkness seemed to envelop our understandings, the effect of which was increased by the unusual gloom of the morning.—Impatiently did I await the postman's arrival, and with inexpressible joy received a letter from my respected friend, the contents of which seemed to have been dictated by the voice of Providence, as he actually required my immediate presence.

The worthy Dr. D*** informed me that he was un-expectedly engaged in a law-suit, in consequence of which, he had a number of writings that he wished to have copied; and that, if I would undertake the employment, I should confer a lasting obligation upon him.—To have the power of obliging a man to whom I felt myself so much indebted, would at all times have afforded me a secret satisfaction; but, from the peculiar delicacy of my situation, that satisfaction was increased, as it afforded me an excuse for quitting the lodge immediately, without having recourse to falsity or deceit.

With the open letter in my hand, I hastened to the breakfast-parlour, which my hospitable entertainer had not quitted; and, [illegible]enting it, said in rather confused ac[illegible]nts, "This letter, my dear madam compels me to take leave of my fr[illegible]ds; for so great are the obligations I owe my respected tutor, that I am im[illegible]ent to evince the gratifica[illegible]ll feel in making the slightest ret[illegible]

Mrs. Pemberton, after perusing the epistle, returned it with a deep-drawn sigh, saying, "I see the necessity of your departure, Henry;" for, by that endearing appellation she always addressed me.—Pemberton at that moment entered: I instantly gave him the letter to read.—"Singular!" he exclaimed emphatically.—"What is singular?" inquired his mother.

"Nothing, my dear mother—nothing," repeated Pemberton: "only we were talking about Winchester last night; and it struck me, as rather singular, that my friend should have received a summons to the spot this morning."

"The summons probably accords with your friend's wishes," rejoined Mrs. Pemberton, with what I could not help thinking a degree of point in the tone of her voice.—"Surely, my dear madam, it is impossible to form a wish so inimical to my own happiness, or a wish that would evince such a total want of friendship and gratitude."

To this reply the amiable Mrs. Pemberton gave me one of those approving and benevolent smiles, which always illumined her expressive countenance, when the subject of conversation happened peculiarly to please; then hastily rising to quit the room, she said to Pemberton, "Perhaps you would like to accompany your friend the first stage."

"I may now, without animadversion, observe that the doctor's letter is singular," said Pemberton. "Had there been time for your

writing, I sho[illegible] have considered the law-suit as [illegible]ely a preconcerted scheme; a[illegible], though I see the necessity of our immediate departure, I fe[illegible] it will be a dreadful shock to my [illegible]loved sister."

"[illegible] heaven I had never en[illegible]his kind, this hospitable mansion!" I exclaimed emphatically.—"What a return have I made you, my dear Pemberton, for your friendship and kindness!—Blind mortals that we are, how little can we foresee of the future, or this lamented prepossession might have been prevented!—Oh! Pemberton! had I but a heart to offer your amiable sister, with what joy, what ecstatic joy, should I entreat you to become my brother! But, attracted as my whole soul is to another object, how can I, how dare I, attempt to impose upon her; and, in return for the artless ingenuous preference with which she honors me, substitute the coldness of friendship, for the ardency of love?"

"But, my dear Henry," said Pemberton, laying his hand upon my shoulder, and looking with an eye of entreaty in my face, "do you not conceive it possible for the sentiment of friendship to be converted into love? particularly as the object of your affection has given you no positive assurance that it meets with a return."

"No, my dear friend; as well might I conceive it possible for the burning lava of Vesuvius to congeal into a mass of ice.—The passion which I feel for Louisa has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, till the cherishing of it seems as necessary to my existence, as the sustaining nutriment which I daily eat. It is true, I have had no positive assurance of her affection: yet her telltale eyes have a thousand times imparted the enlivening truth to my heart."

"Enough, enough, my friend!" rejoined Pemberton, interrupting me. "Do not think me inhospitable; but will you allow me to order the chaise?—Poor Mariann is now sleeping; and I think it would be better that you should depart without the form of taking leave."

To this proposal I readily acceded; and, having paid a farewell compliment to my hospitable entertainer, I stepped into the carriage, accompanied by Pemberton, who kindly attended me the first stage, and, about half past ten the same evening, arrived at Winchester.—The worthy Doctor D*** received me with all the warmth of sincere friendship, blended with the affection of the fondest father, and readily answered all my eager inquiries respecting Adolphus and his mother.—Though report (he said) whispered that Adolphus was going to be married, yet he had reason to believe it was totally unfounded. "In short," added the doctor, "from a letter which poor Maurice lately received from his sister, the amiable Louisa has an absolute antipathy to him."

"What sister, my dear sir?" I impatiently demanded:—"The young woman who, a few months back, went to Madeira, to supply the loss of Miss Delemere's maid; as the one she took out with her, was soon afterwards married to a Portuguese."

This inspiring intelligence gave impetus to my passion; and so anxious was I to see the delectable letter, that I had scarcely patience to wait until the next day; and scarcely had it dawned into my chamber, when I quitted it to visit the worthy Maurices.—With eager delight I perused every line of the epistle; and, when I came to the part which mentioned Louisa's ha-

ving positively refused Adolphus, I found it difficult to conceal the transport which the positive assurance gave me.—I actually seemed to have derived new powers and energy from it. I was, in fact, transformed into a new man; for that depression of spirits, which the dread of a favored rival had excited, was, by the perusal of this letter, suddenly banished.—Oh! how ardently did I wish to fly to the object of my adoration, and at once hear my doom from her enamoured lips! But I was well aware that the bare suggestion of such a desire would meet with severe reprehension, as it would be the means of withdrawing me from my college studies.—Though the day was dark, gloomy, and inclement, I felt as if breathing under the influence of an Italian sky; and, though I had been accustomed to feel as if a leaden weight oppressed me, the downy gossamer was not then more light.—Tedious as I should at any other time have thought the employment of copying and examining old title-deeds, I was a total stranger to weariness or fatigue; but pursued my work with as much alacrity as if I had been transcribing the most sentimental and beautiful work.

Near a fortnight elapsed without hearing any thing of Pemberton or his amiable sister, whose interesting image would sometimes interrupt my pleasing *réveries*, when one morning, while at breakfast, I perceived the groom ride up to the gate.—A presentiment of some dreadful calamity suddenly overwhelmed me; and I had scarcely power to break open the letter which was instantly delivered—

"To Henry *** Esq.

"In what words shall I address you, so as to convey an idea of the agonized state of my heart? for, Oh Henry! you never were a parent, and therefore can form no conception of the pangs it suffers.—Think not that I mean to reproach you for being the cause of my sufferings, severely exquisite as they are; for too well am I convinced of the rectitude of your principles, to believe you could intentionally err. But, alas! my friend—my son, I would fain call you—we are not destined to foresee the misery which is in store:—dull-sighted mortals as we are, how often, while fancy weaves a garland of roses, does fatal reality convert it into a crown of thorns!

"Oh! how shall I paint my beloved Mariann's sufferings! A burning fever consumes her fragile frame:—and last night—Oh! how shall I write the appalling sentence?—the physicians informed me that only one thing could save her life!—Henry, for one moment place yourself in my situation! take a retrospect of what my beloved child was, when you first became my welcome guest:—view her now in imagination, stretched upon the bed of sickness—hopeless, delirious, and reduced to the point of death!—Reflect that on the existence of this beloved child depends all her mother's hope of happiness in this world:—though, were it my fate to lose her by the Almighty's decree, religion would teach me to acquire resignation; and in time I should learn to bear the load of misery.

"But to lose her, Henry, by a hopeless attachment—to see the sweet flowret cropped in its prime by the very hand I had fondly hoped would sustain it—yes, Henry! I had hoped that you would have been the protector of my child!—yet your heart, my son tells me, is not at your own disposal: your affections, he informs me, are irrevo-

cably engaged—but engaged, I find, without being certain of receiving a return of that tenderness which alone can constitute the happiness of the marriage state.—In pity, in mercy, recall the wanderer—conquer an attachment which must appear romantic to every unprejudiced mind—take to your fostering arms a being whose existence hangs upon you:—on my knees I conjure you to spare my Mariann's life!

"The moment my beloved girl heard of your departure, a dreadful faintness overspread her frame, which was followed by the most violent exertions I ever saw produced by hysterics.—A fever succeeded, attended by delirium.—She incessantly calls upon your beloved name, and will take no medicine but from her afflicted brother, whom she always addresses by the appellation of "My Henry."—The physicians, as I said before, have no hope but in your presence:—come then, I conjure you—come, and be the harbinger of peace—tranquillise, if possible, the phrensy which has suspended reason:—at least let my adored child once more hear the sound of—your loved voice!—Come, if it is even to refuse a petition which an agonised mother offers upon her knees: for the very sight of you may work a miracle:—you cannot, will not, become the murderer of my child.

"Pardon, Henry, pardon the expression:—consider for one moment the agonised state of my mind:—think what it is to be a mother: think what an inestimable treasure I have possessed in my beloved child!—and think, oh! think, how unbounded will be my gratitude, if to you I owe the preservation of her life.

"HARRIET PEMBERTON."

As I perused this affecting appeal to my feeling, a kind of torpedo sensation crept through my veins: every faculty seemed benumbed; and I sat gazing at the letter, until roused to exertion by the doctor's friendly voice.—I presented him with the appalling epistle, exclaiming, "My fate is fixed: I must sacrifice my future peace! Oh Louisa! blest object of my fondest affection! I must for ever relinquish the hope of calling you mine!"

The commendations of friendship soothed the perturbation of my spirits.—"You are acting in a manner worthy of yourself, my dear Henry!" said the sympathising doctor. "Let Thomas instantly order a post-chaise; and may the Almighty in mercy reward your noble conduct by shedding his choicest blessings upon your future life!"

A chaise and four appeared in the space of ten minutes, into which I threw myself in the most pitiable state of mind: but the sweet reflexion that I was about to communicate happiness calmed my agitated spirits before I had traveled many miles; and, when I reached the place of my destination, I felt capable of making any sacrifice.

(To be continued.)

Notices of the CALMUCK TARTARS.

(From Dr. Clarke's Travels).

OF all the inhabitants of the Russian empire, the Calmucks are the most distinguished by peculiarity of feature and manners. In their personal appearance, they are athletic, and very forbidding. Their hair is coarse and black; their language harsh and guttural. They inhabit Thibet, Bucharia, and the countries lying to the north of Persia, India, and China; but, from their vagrant habits, they may be found in all the southern parts of Russia, even to the banks of the Dnieper.

The Cossacks alone esteem them, and intermarry with them*. This union sometimes produces women of very great beauty; although nothing is more hideous than a Calmuck. High, prominent, and broad cheek-bones; very little eyes widely separated from each other; a flat and broad nose; coarse, greasy, jet-black hair; scarcely any eye-brows; and enormous prominent ears; compose no very inviting portrait; however we may strive to do it justice.

Their women are uncommonly hardy; and on horseback outstrip their male companions in the race. The stories related of their placing pieces of horse-flesh under the saddle, in order to prepare them for food, are perfectly true. They acknowledged that it was a common practice among them on a journey, and that a steak so dressed became tender and palatable. In their large camps, they have always cutlers, and other artificers in copper, brass, and iron; sometimes goldsmiths, who make trinkets for their women, idols of gold and silver, and vessels for their altars; also persons expert at inlaid work, enameling, and many arts which we vainly imagine peculiar to nations in a state of refinement. One very remarkable fact, and which I should hesitate in asserting if I had not found it confirmed by the observations of other travelers, is, that, from time immemorial, the Oriental tribes of Calmucks have possessed the art of making gunpowder. They boil the efflorescence of nitrat of potass in a strong lye of poplar and birch ashes, and leave it to crystallise; after which, they pound the crystals with two parts of sulphur, and as much charcoal: then, wetting the mixture, they place it in a caldron over a charcoal fire, until the powder begins to granulate. The generality of Calmucks, when equipped for war, protect the head by a helmet of steel, with a gilded crest, to which is fixed a net-work of iron rings, falling over the neck and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eye-brows in front. They wear upon their body, after the Eastern manner, a tissue of similar work, formed of iron or steel rings matted together, which adapts itself to the shape, and yields readily to all positions of the body; and ought therefore rather to be called a shirt, than a coat, of mail. The most beautiful of these are manufactured in Persia, and are valued as equivalent to fifty horses. The cheaper sort are made of scales of tin, and sell only for six or eight horses each; but these are more common among the Chinese, and in the Mogul territory. Their other arms are lances, bows and arrows, poignards, and sabres. The richest only bear fire-arms, which are therefore always regarded as a mark of distinction, and kept with the utmost care, in cases made of badgers' skins. Their most valuable bows are made of the wild goat's horn, or whalebone: the ordinary sort, of maple, or thin slips of elm or fir, fastened together, and bound with a covering of linden or birch bark.

Their amusements are, hunting,

* In a note, the author adds—In opposition to this remark, I find it stated in Mr. Heber's Journal, that "Calmuck servants are greatly esteemed all over Russia, for their intelligence and fidelity;" and I recollect seeing some of them in that capacity among English families in Petersburg. The most remarkable instance ever known of an expatriated Calmuck, was that of an artist employed by the Earl of Elgin, whom I saw (a second Anacharsis, from the plains of Scythia) executing most beautiful designs among the ruins of Athens. Some Russian family had previously sent him to finish his studies in Rome, where he acquired the highest perfection in design. He had the peculiar features, and many of the manners, of the nomade Calmucks.

wrestling, archery, and horse-racing. They are not addicted to drunkenness; though they hold drinking parties, which continue for half a day at a time, without interruption. Upon such occasions, every one brings his share of brandy and *koumiss*; and the whole stock is placed upon the ground, in the open air, the guests forming a circle, seated around it. One of them, squatted by the vessels which contain the liquor, performs the office of cup-bearer. The young women place themselves by the men, and begin songs of love or war, of fabulous adventure, or heroic achievement. Thus the *fête* is kept up, the guests passing the cup round, and singing the whole time, until the stock of liquor is expended. During all this ceremony, no one is seen to rise from the party, nor does any one interrupt the harmony of the assembly, by riot or intoxication. In the long nights of winter, the young people of both sexes amuse themselves with music, dancing, and singing. Their most common musical instrument is the *balalaika*, or two-stringed lute, which is often represented in their paintings. These paintings preserve very interesting memorials of the antient superstition of Eastern nations; inasmuch as they present us with objects of pagan worship common to the earliest mythology of Egypt and of Greece. The arts of painting and music may be supposed to have continued little liable to alteration among them, from the remotest periods of their history. As for their dances, they consist more in movements of the hands and the arms, than of the feet. In winter they also play at cards, draughts, backgammon, and chess. Their love of gambling is so great, that they will spend entire nights at play; and lose in a single sitting the whole of what they possess, even to the clothes on their body. In fact, it may be said of the Calmucks, that the greatest part of their life is spent in amusement. Wretched and revolting as their appearance is to more civilised people, they would be indeed miserable, in their own estimation, if compelled to change their mode of living for ours. Both Gmelin and Palls relate, that they deem a residene in houses so insupportable, that to be shut up in the confined air o a close apartment, when unde the necessity of going into towns and making visits of embassy or commerce, was considered by the with a degree of horror. Among the diseases to which they are exposed by their diet and want of cleanliness, may be mentioned the itch to which they are very subject, and malignant fevers, which are very fatal to them during the heat of summer.

Having occasion hereafter to notice this people again, I shall only add the observations of one of the celebrated travelers before mentioned, who, after considering the privations, to which they are exposed, places their situation in a point of view more favorable, perhaps, than I have done. "For the rest," says he, "to whatever degree of wretchedness the poorest of the Calmucks may be reduced, it is very rare to behold them dejected by sorrow, and they are never subdued by despair. The generality, notwithstanding a mode of life which appears so adverse to health, attain to a robust and very advanced old age. Their disorders are neither very frequent, nor very dangerous. Few become grey-headed at forty or fifty. Persons from eighty to a hundred years of age are by no means uncommon among them; and at that advanced

period of life they still sustain with great ease the fatigue of horsemanship. A simple and uniform diet; the free air which they uninterruptedly respire; inured, vigorous, and healthy bodies; continual exercise, without care, without laborious employment; such are the natural causes of these felicitous effects.

The converted SAVAGE.

MR. JORGENSEN, a Danish navigator, who visited Otaheite in 1806, gives us, in his "State of Christianity" in that island, the following curious account of Otoo, king of Uliteeah, who had been converted to Christianity, or at least had listened to the preaching of Christian missionaries.

He was excessively intemperate, and would drink brandy till he lost all his senses. When he came on board our ship to visit us the first time after our arrival in Matavia Bay, he put on a most hypocritical and sanctified face, crying, "Master Christ very good, very fine fellow. Me love Christ like my own brother. Give me one glass of brandy." His request was instantly complied with; and the oftener we filled his glass, the more he pretended to love our Saviour, calling him the *blessed*, and many other such expressions, which he imagined pleased us greatly, at the same time cursing and damning his own native god without hesitation. But, after drinking nearly a pint of strong liquor, his majesty became so noisy and so rude, that there was no bearing his insolence any longer: he seized on a whole leg of mutton which stood on the table, took it up in his hands, and began to gnaw it with his great and ugly teeth. On resenting his outrageous and beastly behaviour in spoiling our dinner, he got into such a rage, that he insisted upon having one more glass of brandy; if not, he would recant all he had said in favor of Christ. However, we thought proper to refuse his request, on which he began to roar with all his might, "D*** Christ! Christ very bad: Otaheite God fine fellow*."

On the EDUCATION *of* WOMEN.
(From Mr Ensor's Treatise "On National Education.")

THE education of women should be regarded for every reason—First, for their own sakes, as daughters and wives. Without education, woman's attractions seldom extend beyond the beauty of her youth and the passions of her husband. It should be regarded for the husband's sake. He who marries one whose mind is improved like his own, is truly mated, and his house is directed by a double wisdom. An educated wife (I do not mean one of modish education, for this teaches idleness with much trouble, and at great expense) is the cause of order and economy, and ease and happiness. The wife's endowments improve the husband's temper, and her pursuits add charms and activity to his. The education of woman should also be regarded independently of herself and her husband, purely in respect to her children, if indeed any benefit can be acquired by parent or child without communicating good to both. In all countries, children in their earliest and most susceptible years are necessarily committed to women, and in some their preparatory education is wholly consigned to them, as among the Romans, as also in their times of chivalry, the child destined to knighthood remained till seven years old under the

* We have some indistinct recollection of a similar anecdote related of a North American Indian, long before Mr. Jorgensen's visit to Otaheite.

care of women. But it is not merely noble matrons who may confer on men the greatest advantages by initiating them in truth and wisdom; the poorest women, as nurses and servants, have often the greatest opportunity to injure or improve the first patrician's son in the commonwealth. As she has been taught, she will teach; and thence good or evil, reason or prejudice, will be irretrievably impressed on the infant's mind.

JUSTICE *and* MERCY.

(From Dr. Valpy's Sermons.)

JUSTICE is, after all, but the instrument of mercy—of mercy, in her sublimest attitude, when she dispenses the blessings of security to mankind, and guards the general welfare at the expense of the pangs, that she feels for the miseries, which offenders incur by their crimes. Man must sympathise with man in his distress; and what form of distress can excite more horror than that of the poor supplicating wretch, who stands with trembling heart to hear the sentence, which dooms him to an exemplary death? His fault is for a moment forgotten; we consider him only in his relation of humanity, a miserable prey to the same temptations, from which the grace of God has yet preserved us: cold therefore and insensible would be our hearts, if they did not feel for him in the hour of calamity. Freed from the restraints, which opinions and principles lay upon our sensibility, we disregard social distinctions, in the warmth of our benevolence, and listen only to the voice of nature. As a spirit of revenge has no place in a court of judicature, the passion of pity may be allowed to take her course respecting the man, if it interfere not with the judgement against the criminal. But, when mercy considers him as a public offender, she forgets the individual: she takes a wider range of consideration; she looks to the miseries of lawless states, and demands protection in the name of society. With truth for her attendant, according to the beautiful imagery of the psalmist, she solicits the aid of justice for the maintenance of peace.

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Diminution of the Sea.—From the "Acts of the Academy of Upsal" in Sweden, it appears that the waters of the Baltic have, within the memory of a man eighty years old, certainly fallen about four feet; a rock, on which he could barely place his hat when young, now standing four feet above water. It is likewise stated, that, within the last sixty years, the fishermen on the lower coast of eastern Bothnia have been three times obliged to remove their habitations nearer to the sea-shore, as the water gradually receded from them. Old fishermen declare that they have cast their nets, and taken fish, in a place which is now dry; and hay is now made in a place, where, fifty years ago, boats used to pass with oars; and straits, which, about seventy years ago, freely allowed the passage of large ships, now scarcely afford more than a passage for small barges.—From various observations, and calculations aided by ancient documents pointing out particular rocks as boundaries, it is concluded, with every appearance of reason, that the water diminishes in height about half an inch every year.

Sagacity of Sheep and Cows.—In the isle of Zetland (as we learn from the "Memoirs of the Wer-

*erian Society") no food is provided for the sheep in winter; during which season they are compelled to live upon sea-weed: and it is curious to observe with what precision they quit the hills, and repair to the sea-side, at the moment when the tide of ebb commences. "This" (says the author—Dr. Edmondston) "I can state to be an absolute fact, although I am utterly un-able to explain by what process of sensation or of instinct it is effected. From remaining quiet on the hills, and endeavouring to browse on their summits, a whole flock is seen suddenly to run towards the sea-shore; and, on observing the state of the tide, it is found that the water has just begun to recede."

A similar display of sagacity in cows is thus noticed by a writer in the Monthly Review for last September. "We have been assured, on the most creditable testimony, that, in some parts of the north highlands of Scotland, herds of cattle have been observed to descend to the beach, as regularly as the tide begins to recede, although rising ground intercepted their view of the sea."

The Zetland sheep, when threatened to be overwhelmed with snow, "frequently assemble" (says Dr. Edmondston) "in considerable numbers on the side of a hill, and place themselves in such a manner, that their heads all incline towards the centre. By this arrangement their breath keeps them warm, and, dissolving part of their icy covering, forms a kind of vault above their heads. In this situation they have been known to remain for many days, during which they appear to maintain life by eating the wool off each other's backs."

Bon-mot of Mr. Kemble.—When it was understood that Sir J. Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a 74 gun ship, completely equipped, at his own expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble—"Dear me! what a whimsical thing this seems altogether! I wonder what title they can give him for supplying a ship—what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?"—To which he happily replied—"Why, Madam, I should think he will be called Lord-*ship*."

Johnson's Dictionary.—Our fair readers will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that the proprietors of that work have engaged a literary gentleman (Mr. Todd) to enrich it with the addition of four thousand words not found in Johnson. It is to be hoped that he will correct the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of Johnson's spelling, and also rectify his errors in the derivation of words—a branch of lexicography, in which Johnson has, on some occasions, shown himself very deficient: witness, among others, one truly ludicrous instance, noticed in Dr. Carey's "*Practical English Prosody and Versification*," page 76*.

Enormous Whale.—From Stockholm we learn that a whale has lately made his appearance in the Gulf of Bothnia, from 140 to 160 feet in length, floating ten or twelve feet

---

* We copy the passage, which relates to the word, "*Booby.*"—"At a loss for its derivation, he" [Dr. Johnson] "quotes the authority of a fanciful predecessor, who derives the word from *Bull-beef*!!! Whether this was intended as a compliment to Mr. *John Bull*, as if honest John and his progeny were the most notable boobies in Europe, I pretend not to determine. But, be that as it may, the word *Booby* is pure German, viz. *Bube* [pronounced *boobè*] which signifies a *child*, a *boy*, a *great awkward boy*, an *oaf*—in short, a *booby*—without a single particle of John Bull's beef in his whole composition."

above the surface of the sea, and spouting up water to a great height, with a noise equal to that of a cannon.

The Land-Wind.—In the "Transactions of the Medical Society of London," Dr. Roxburgh, speaking of the land-wind on the coast of Coromandel, says—"The continuance of this wind causes pain in the bones, and a general lassitude in all that live; and, in some, paralytic or hemiplectic affections. Its sudden approach has, besides, the dreadful effect of destroying men and animals instantaneously.—It is not very uncommon to see large kites or crows, as they fly, drop down dead; and smaller birds I have known to die, or take refuge in houses, in such numbers, that a very numerous family has used nothing else for their daily meals than these victims of the inclemency of the season and their inhospitality. In populous places it is also not very uncommon to hear, that four or five people have died in the streets in the course of a day, in consequence of their being taken unprepared. This happens especially at the first setting in of those winds."—He adds, that, during their prevalence, glass vessels frequently crack and break to pieces; and the wooden furniture warps and shrinks to such a degree, that even the nails fall out from the doors, tables, &c.

Superstitious Co-incidence.—From Mr. Macgill, in his "Account of Tunis," we learn, that, among the Tunisians, "if the horse, mule, or other animal belonging to one person, be praised by another, it is immediately set down as lost; and a child that is admired, is expected with certainty to meet some misfortune."—Similar to this is an idea prevalent among the unlettered class in some parts of our united empire, that, if a person praise either a child or an animal, without adding "*God bless him,*" ["*her,*" or "*it,*" as the case may be] he will certainly entail some serious calamity on the object praised.

Lightning made useful.—At Philipstal in Eastern Prussia, to remove an immense stone, a bar of iron was fixed to it as a conductor; and, agreeably to the intention of the sagacious projectors, the lightning, in the first thunder-storm, split the stone to pieces.

Life-Preserver.—The Arabs swim to great distances by means of goat-skins sewed air-tight, and blown like bladders. On one of these the adventurer lays himself flat, with his clothes in a bundle on his shoulders, and with his hands and feet paddles forward at his ease, all the while smoking his pipe.—Women and girls swim in the same manner.—This practice is very ancient; and Xenophon, in his "Expedition of Cyrus," mentions, that, on the arrival of the retreating Greeks at an unfordable river which they wished to pass, a common soldier suggested the idea of making a bridge of such skin bags, secured by ropes with heavy stones to serve as anchors, and then connected together, and covered with fit materials to make a road with proper footing for the army to march across in battle-array. This is Xenophon's account, though it differs from that given by Dr. Gillies in his History of Greece.

Enormous Animal Reliques.—Near the mouth of the river Kuban, was lately found a petrified leg-bone, two feet in circumference. It has been deposited in the museum at Theodosia.—Not less memorable is the discovery, made by Hedemstrom, the Russian naturalist, in the island of New Siberia in the Icy Ocean, of three bird's claws, each a

yard in length.—He was further informed that feathers were sometimes found there, of which the barrels were capable of admitting a man's clenched fist.

National Debt.—An Account of the Reduction of the National Debt from the 1st August, 1786, to the 1st Nov. 1811—

On Account of G. Britain	£209,914,326
Ditto of Ireland	8,735,659
Ditto of Imperial Loan	1,219,518
Ditto of Loan to Portugal	92,534
Total	£219,962,037

Coffee.—Various writers in our periodic publications have lately recommended the use of coffee, as far preferable to that of tea. The experience of the whole continent of Europe (to say nothing of other parts of the world) is certainly in favor of coffee: and the general adoption of it would be a prodigious benefit to the country, as we can have it in return for our manufactures, whereas we are forced to send out gold and silver to purchase tea.—The coffee is now sold on terms so reasonable, as to leave little objection on the score of expense; and, from the general experience of its beneficial effects, we recommend to our fair readers to give it a fair trial. They will perhaps be the more readily inclined to do this, when informed that a Mr. Rochfort, of Bishopsgate-street, has invented a new mode of preparing coffee, which exempts the consumers from the trouble of roasting and grinding it. He has obtained a patent for his process, which consists in pounding the coffee while yet hot from the roaster, and, in that warm state, reducing the powder, by forcible pressure, into a solid body, so as to exclude the air, and render it capable of retaining its original freshness for a considerable time. Thus prepared, he represents it as even superior to coffee prepared in the ordinary way.—The best and speediest mode of making coffee is said to be in one of those common block-tin pots with a filtering top, called by many people *coffee-biggins*.

POETRY.

Bouts-rimés,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Gale, Sail—Grieve, Leave—Storm, Warm—Sky, High—Flow, Glow.—Brave, Save—Course, Force—Sweep, Deep.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of February, shall appear on the first of March.

The Valley.

By Miss Baxter, *Newington.*

Oh! yes! it was down in yon sweet little valley— [day—
Full well I remember the beautiful
Through many a meadow and green flow'ry alley, [stray.
Alone, (save my Clio) I happen'd to

'Twas gaiety's self lent her habit to nature, [ble face.
And deck'd with fresh beauty her amia-
My Muse flew with rapture o'er each charming feature, [softening grace.
And mark'd with new pleasure each

The spires of the neat village church she saw rising
Amid the thick foliage of many a tree,
Behind which the sun, with a grandeur surprising, [me.
Was bidding adieu to the earth and to

She spied the sweet cot where the pastor resided—
A lovely abode in the midst of the plain—
Where he (happy man) o'er his parish presided,
Belov'd and respected by each honest swain.
Beside a tall thicket the hamlet stood peeping—
Blest spot, where contentment triumphantly reign'd!
O'er each pleasant cot the green woodbine was creeping:
Along the white walls sweetest roses were train'd.
How gay was the prospect the hayfields presented,
Where rustic young lasses, and lads full of glee,
Were cheerfully singing!—With labor contented,
They gave a kind lesson to Clio and me.
My Muse sigh'd to quit this sweet region of pleasure:—
Her sighs were repeated by each passing gale;
And she vow'd she'd embrace the first moment of leisure,
To wander again in the sweet little vale.

Lines spoken by Mr. OSBORN, *at the Haymarket Theatre, April 26th*, 1810.

Written by JOANNA SQUIRE.

As some poor poet, anxious for his play,
Awaits the public doom in pale dismay,
And, dreading censure where he seeks for praise,
With pleading eyes the varied group surveys;
Now here, now there, above, around, below,
Asks from each face what yet he fears to know;
Lest the stern fiat should expunge his name
From the proud record of dramatic fame—
E'en so, by hope urg'd on to venture here,
Appall'd I shrink, to find my trial near;
Like him, with fearful glance, look round, and try
To read my sentence in each critic's eye—
That rigid sentence, which the voice of fear
Conveys in thunder to my startled ear.
Yet still that gentle soother of the soul,
Whose Siren song can ev'ry care controul,
In dulcet tones this cheering truth reveals—
A truth, the child of sorrow owns and feels—
That Britons love to cure the stranger's smart,
And heal with pity's balm the wounded heart.
O sacred truth, to pale misfortune dear!
I own thy soothing pow'r—I feel it here!
[*Laying his hand on his heart.*]
Yes this sad heart, by varied passions wrung,
By base deceit and cruel treach'ry stung,
By fraud, in friendship's guise, of all bereav'd,
And, where it trusted most, the most deceiv'd—
'Till life's last hour, this heart shall own your care,
And bless the aid, that sav'd it from despair.
But praise, though just, o'erwhelms the gen'rous mind;
And thanks are irksome to a soul refin'd.
Yet hard the task to minds with feeling fraught,
To brood in silence o'er the glowing thought;
To hush what candor struggles to impart—
The genuine language of a grateful heart;
Check the warm pray'r, th' impassion'd wish conceal,
And draw o'er gen'rous deeds oblivion's veil!
Then deign—ah! kindly deign this once to hear
What feeling dictates to a tongue sincere:
Oh! let me tell, that, when misfortune's night
Clos'd on the day of pleasure and delight—
When a base wretch, in honor's garb array'd,
With vilest wrongs my confidence repaid—
And robb'd me, thoughtless of his base design,
Of all that industry had render'd mine—
'Twas then your kindness soften'd ev'ry care,
And chas'd the horrid phantoms of despair;
O'er mis'ry's gloom, shed streaks of livelier hue,
And bade hope's cheering visions charm my view—
Not visions, rais'd to cheat the wand'ring sight,
Like meteors bright, but rapid in their flight.
No! still untir'd, at pity's soft command,
Again* your presence bids this heart expand
To softer feelings—feelings, that portray
The long-lost joys of fortune's fairer day.
So the poor wretch, by cruel tempest thrown
On some rude rock, unfriended and alone,
Surveys with phrensied gaze the turbid deep,

---

* This gentleman, who had been driven by misfortune to appeal to the generosity of the public, had been before indebted to the kindness of those friends, who knew and pitied the ill-placed confidence which had reduced him to the brink of ruin.

And envies those who 'neath its surface
sleep: [rected gale
But, should some pitying heav'n-di-
Waft to his longing view the friendly
sail, [eyes,
With outstretch'd arms, and pity-asking
Aloud for help the frantic suff'rer cries,
Nor cries in vain; for swiftly, at the
view, [crew;
Rush to his aid the gen'rous gallant
Delighted, prompt a brother's life to
save, [wave:
The friendly boat scuds lightly o'er the
Now gain'd the shore, with honest
warmth they press, [distress:
Jealous who first shall snatch him from
Help in each hand, and pity in each eye,
They list his sorrows, and his wants
supply, [despair,
While the poor trembler, rescued from
In speaking silence thanks their gen'rous
care, [to roam,
Then dares on hope's bright wings again
And taste the sweets of friendship, love,
and home!

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for October.*

To ELIZA.—*By* J. M. L.

DEAR one! repeat that heav'nly *strain:*
It pleasant makes love's fast-bound *chain,*
And melts the soul to joy.
Let warriors dare the world in *arms:*
I like not war, nor war's *alarms*—
Let love my hours employ.

Give warlike souls the martial *field,*
Where flying foes reluctant *yield;*
But give me beauty's smile:
Give them their glorious deeds of *blood,*
By thousands pour'd in crimson *flood,*
For others' fraud or guile.

Then mothers for their offspring *mourn,*
And wives for husbands from them *torn*
By war's insatiate pow'r:
Then warriors raise unhallowd *fires,*
Which sink to ruins tow'rs and *spires,*
In vict'ry's frantic hour.

Dear maid! be thou my only *foe:*
I'll own thy pow'r, and, bending *low,*
Ask mercy, conqu'ring fair!—
Thy ruby lips shall bid me *rise,*
Whose dulcet murmurs more I *prize,*
Than glory's splendid care.

Another.—MARIA'S LAMENTATION.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

WHILE curling smoke ascends from
ev'ning *fires,* [*spires,*
And Sol, departing, gilds the village
Though sore I feel misfortune's galling
chain,
E'en now I'll frame the melancholy
strain.—
Friends, ask me not what makes Maria
mourn? [*torn,*
Ah! who'd not weep the truest lover
By cruel fate, from her fond faithful *arms,*
And sent where Gallia's tyrant spreads
alarms; [*yield;*
Where his fell legions ceaseless terror
Where Slaughter stalks gigantic o'er the
field, [*blood,*
Dies his keen sword in many a hero's
And prostrates thousands in a crimson
flood! [*prize,*
O heav'n! for that dear liberty they
While Britain's sons with Spain's united
rise, [ing *foe,*
Guide them resistless, 'gainst th' usurp-
And lay the tyrant's boasted honors *low:*
And oh! protect, and waft across the
main
My faithful William to these arms again!

FRIENDSHIP; *an Imitation of the French Epigram given in our last Number.*

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

"FRIENDSHIP," you say, "is but a
name!"—
Why, truly, sir, I think the same:
But, ere you loudly thus deplore
That ancient faith is now no more,
First let us try the cause to know,
Why now so few with friendship glow.
It is in man's own selfish mind,
Who would that each to him were kind,
While he, to succour, lags behind,
Hopes to find friendship in another,
And scarce will show it to his brother.

Sonnet to a CHILD.

By Mary F. JOHNSON, *Author of "Original Sonnets, and other Poems."*

WHILE you, blest child, with cares un-
burden'd, wend, [woodland bow'rs;
Chaunting wild ditties, through the
Why cull, to cast away, the flaunting
flow'rs, [vestments rend?
And, gath'ring more, your arms and
Are those unpluck'd more fragrant or
more gay, [your feet?
Than were the blooms now lying at
Ah! no! they were as lovely, fresh and
sweet; [thrown away.
But, gain'd with ease, with scorn were
The temper of your more mature pursuit
I now behold in its expanding germ;
The object pris'd for expectation's
term; [fruit;
For distant flow'rs, forsaken present
Your life in quest of future goods em-
ploy'd, [joy'd.
And, of the goods possess'd, not one en-

Wife, Children, and Friends.
By Mr. Spencer.

When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented, [intends,)
(The list of what fate for each mortal
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented, [Children, and Friends.
And slip'd in three blessings, Wife,

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated, [its ends;
For justice divine could not compass
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated, [Children, and Friends.
For earth becomes heav'n with Wife,

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested, [ruptcy ends;
The fund ill-secur'd oft in bank-
But the heart issues bills which are never protested, [Children, and Friends.
When drawn on the firm of Wife,

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers, [lors defends,
The death-wounded tar who his co-
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers, [Children, and Friends.
How blest was his home with Wife,

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story, [sends,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes
With transport would barter whole ages of glory, [dren, and Friends.
For one happy day with Wife, Chil-

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover, [fragrance ascends,
Though round him Arabia's whole
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bow'r where he sate with Wife, Children, and Friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow [Children, and Friends,
No warmth from the smiles of Wife,

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish [rite bends;
The laurel which o'er her dead favo-
O'er me, wave the willow! and long may it flourish, [dren, and Friends.
Bedew'd with the tears of Wife, Chil-

Let us drink; for my song, growing graver and graver, [tends;
To subjects too solemn insensibly
Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue shall flavour
The glass which I fill to Wife, Children, and Friends.

The Spirit *of* Joy;
a Song from the Opera of the
Blue Stocking, *by Mr.* Moore.

Spirit of joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture, while they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle, leaves the cheek;
The tears they waken, long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture, while they flow.

Optical Deceptions.

Tom runs from his wife, to get rid of his trouble: [things double:
He drinks and he drinks, till he sees all
But, when he has ceas'd wine and brandy to mingle, [himself single?
Oh! what would he give, could he see

L' Astrologue.

Un faiseur d'almanachs, soi-disant astrologue, [rivait,
Pour l'an nouveau, qui bientôt ar-
Des jours beaux et mauvais forgeait le catalogue;
Et son fils écrivait.
Sa main, dit-on, novice
Pour la première fois remplissait cet office.
Le froid et le brouillard, la pluie et le beau tems, [vents,
Le dégel, la chaleur, le tonnerre, et les
Tout allait pêle-mêle, [et grêle.
Lorsque, pour un jeudi, survint tempête
Le jeune scribe, interdit, affligé,
"Quoi, mon papa!" dit-il—"jeudi, grêle et tempête! [congé."—
Y pensez-vous? C'est un jour de
"Eh bien! écris *beau tems*," répondit le prophète.

*** *A Translation or Imitation is requested, for our next or any future Number.*

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Morning & Evening Dress.

No. 12. 1811.

London Morning and Evening Dresses.

1. *Morning walking dress.*—A Cambrick Muslin worked, a mantle of grey cloth lined with pale pink silk, and trimmed with sable. Hat of silk, same color trimmed with sable.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of muslin richly worked and trimmed with lace. A cap of purple silk trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a gold Band.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Chinese Friendship.—The Tartars having obtained temporary possession of the town of Kiatcha, which, since 1780, has been the mart of the Russian and Chinese commerce, and having levied tribute on the caravans of both nations, a deputation was, in the spring of last year, sent from Petersburg with presents to the Chinese Emperor, soliciting permission, either that the merchants might trade directly with Pekin, or that a fortified place near the frontier might be the medium of future commercial intercourse. The deputation, on its arrival, was kindly received, and, after waiting a few weeks received an answer, which forcibly marks the irremoveable suspicion and policy of the Court of Pekin — "Tell your master," said the Emperor, "that, while the deserts separate the two nations, the friendship which has so long subsisted between us may continue. I am desirous that it should remain unimpaired; and cannot therefore comply with his solicitation."

Mexico.—From a proclamation issued at Mexico, on the 3d of August, and from other documents, it appears that a conspiracy had been formed there, which threatened the utter extinction of the Spanish empire in the new world. The object was to seise the governor (Venegas) and the other constituted authorities, to overturn the government, and erect the standard of independence. The plan, however, was discovered: about three hundred of the conspirators were arrested: three of the chiefs were speedily executed: and many others, among them several ecclesiastics and attorneys, were expected to share the same fate.—Thus tranquillity was restored.

Capture of Batavia.—On the 8th of August, Batavia, the chief city of the isle of Java, and capital of the *ci-devant* Dutch possessions in the east, surrendered at discretion to the British forces under the command of Lieut. gen. Sir S. Auchmuty, and rear admiral Stopford; and, on the 26th, the victors forced the enemy's strongly entrenched and fortified works at Cornelis.—The loss on our side was 133 men killed, and 702 wounded: that of the enemy, about 2000 killed, and 5000 captured, including three generals.

South-America.—*September* 5, a counter-revolutionary conspiracy broke out at Valencia. "At midnight the palace was attacked, and several thousands of anti-revolutionists assailed the city from without, and forced the gates: but, after a severe conflict of an hour's duration, the friends of independence defeated them with great slaughter. Upwards of 200 individuals, engaged in the plot, were afterwards seised, to be brought to trial and executed, with all convenient speed. Among them were many persons of the highest trust and distinction.

An eclipse of the sun was observed in the United States, on the 17th September. The day was perfectly clear and serene.

Caraccas, Sept. 21.—Senhor M. A. Paz has been appointed on a mission from the Government of Venezuela to that of the United States. He is to inform the latter that this confederation is ready and willing to enter into a commercial treaty with the North American Government.

Caraccas, Sept. 24.—Only three or four ports now remain in the hands of the Old-Spaniards throughout the vast province of Venezuela.—The people of Maracaybo have shown a strong inclination to join the revolutionary party.

By a letter written from Rio de Janeiro, towards the latter end of September, it seems that the Portuguese General, Don Diego de Souza, with 8000 Portuguese troops, had arrived very near Monte Video, on the 12th of that month, and that he had forcibly interfered to put

down the insurgents in the country, as far as the river Parana. His orders, as published at Monte Video, went only to interfere as far as the Urugulay.

Inundations.—In consequence of continual rains in September, several rivers in the kingdom of Naples overflowed, and did considerable mischief. The town of [illegible]ano was entirely laid under water, and so overwhelmed with sand and mud, that some thousands of labourers from the neighbourhood must be employed to render the houses again habitable. In this town was an eminence, on which stood a fine castle: the water undermined this eminence, and threw it down, together with the buildings upon it.

Advices from *Jamaica*, of *October* 6, state that a person has been arrested there, who was strongly suspected of being employed as an agent of Christophe, emperor of Hayti. A second, of the name of Piquerre, had fled on board ship, and had made his escape, and, on searching his lodgings a paper was said to have been found, purporting to be his instructions from the black emperor.

A large quantity of British goods, which had been smuggled into the United States from Canada, contrary to the non-importation law, was seized by the custom-house officers on the 11th of October.

Naples, October 18.—On Wednesday last Vesuvius threatened us with a speedy eruption. A black and thick smoke was seen to arise from its crater, and from time to time, large quantities of lava gushed out with a horrible noise. Every thing announced the approach of one of those great eruptions which always leave after them such deplorable traces. Happily a calm has succeeded, and we now have little to fear.

Advices from the British army in *Sicily* to the *20th October*, inform us that the island was in a state of perfect tranquillity, although Murat had endeavoured by his emissaries to produce dissensions. Some few had been discovered, and were in confinement, and several others had been sent out of the country on suspicion of being agents to the king of Naples.

Negro Insurrection.—At *Martinique* on the 17th of October a conspiracy of negroes was discovered, which had for its object to massacre the whites, and was said to have been planned by three negroes from St. Domingo, one of them a brother of the late famous Toussaint. Although timely precautions were taken to prevent the insurrection, and some of the chiefs immediately seised, the others (on the 21st) endeavoured to force their way into the town of St Pierre, but were repulsed.—About 130 of the insurgents were apprehended: fifteen of them were hanged, and tranquility was finally restored.

Retaliation.—Lisbon, November 4.—The French general Mouton having ordered some Spanish prisoners to be put to death, the Spanish general Espana has ordered an equal number of French prisoners to be put to death in retaliation, and informed the French general, that, on similar provocation, he will in future retaliate in the same manner.

Forced Loan.—A public loan having been asked of the merchants and other opulent inhabitants of Copenhagen—and the contributions not having answered the expectations of the government—a royal edict, of November 6, ordered the loan to be enforced—adding, that the interest, allowed to the voluntary contributors, should not be allowed to the involuntary.

Pilgrimages.—Stutgard, Novemb. 6. A royal decree prohibits pilgrimages to foreign countries, and forbids the grant of passports to persons going on pilgrimage.

Boston, Novemb. 8.—A Nashville (Tenessee) paper of the 15th ult. states a report that Colonel Davis, of Kentucky, with 800 mounted dragoons, had been fired upon by a party of 1500 Indians, on the Wabash, and that 14 of the dragoons were killed: that he then charged the Indians, who fled, leaving 400 killed on the field; and that the Indians dispersed immediately after firing.

Cadiz, Novemb. 18.—A patriotic Junta, consisting of Ladies only, has been formed in this city, which is to be called by the name of Ferdinand VII. They are to take upon themselves the cloathing of the fourth army, and procure funds capable of meeting any great emergency.

Vienna, Nov. 23.—Count Italinsky for Russia, and Hamed Effendi for the Porte, have repaired to Giurgewo, in order to treat for peace between the two powers.

London, Novemb. 24.—Vaccination, we are informed, has been introduced in the island of Java, with the most promising success. A French surgeon, it seems, is gone into the interior of the country, for the purpose of diffusing the advantages of this system.

We have intelligence from France, that, encouraged by the great rewards offered by Bonaparte, several Americans have arrived in that country from the United States, with machines for the spinning of cotton, flax, &c. with improvements on the apparatus employed in the British Manufactories. It is added that they have received the most liberal encouragement, and are about to obtain Licences in the nature of Patents to remunerate them.

Nearly 10,000 Spanish prisoners, taken in the Peninsula, are employed in making a new dock, of seven acres extent, at Dunkirk.

The hotel of the police at Vienna was robbed last month of 60,000 florins, which was deposited in an interior chamber, and two centinels placed over it. The robbers mined the wall, worked their way into the middle of the room, and carried the money off without once alarming the centinels; one of whom, on discovering the robbery in the morning, blew out his brains.

The French Government, which has been actively occupied in promoting the cultivation of beet-root, to prevent the necessity of importing sugar from the West Indies, has ordered that a very large tract of land, on the banks of the Elbe, should be planted with this article.

London, Novemb. 30.—In an article from Stockholm, it is positively stated, that the Government of Sweden had refused the demand made by Napoleon for 8000 Swedish troops to reinforce his army in Spain.

Letters from the Havannah state, that the newly formed republic of Venezuela is so distressed for money, that it has passed a law for the emission of one million of *paper* dollars, to be current at the rates of those of gold and silver.

Lisbon, Novemb. 30.—Yesterday entered this port thirty-one English transports with troops; and in the evening the cavalry began disembarking.

London, Decemb. 4.—It appears that the country on both sides of the Tagus, as far up as Aranjuez, has been made over by the Emperor to Marshal Marmont for the support of the Army of Portugal. This arrangement has reduced Joseph Bonaparté to the greatest distress, as the produce of that country was all that he had to depend upon, and he was actually subsisting upon the money produced by the retail sale of the grain forcibly levied from the people—The grain having been thus levied and sold by Joseph, has been seised again by Marmont's orders, and taken from the people who had purchased it from Joseph's magazines, who have been informed that the King had no right to sell it.

London, Decemb. 7.—A communication from Baltimore states, that, so complete is the establishment for the manufacturing of cotton articles, that if the non-intercourse should continue for a single year more, the Republic will be perfectly independent of Great Britain as to that commodity. This remark however is to be understood to apply only to the coarser description of cotton goods.

London, Decemb. 9.—Letters of a recent date from the Canary Islands give a melancholy account of the progress of the yellow fever in the island of Teneriffe. The towns of Santa Cruz and Port Oretava were infected, many died daily in the latter place, and business was entirely at a stand. Several American and English ships had to take back their cargoes for the want of people to unload, or receive them on shore. The sickness prevailed mostly amongst the laboring classes. In addition to this calamity, it was feared that there would be soon some violent tumults produced by the disgust and irritation of the people at many acts of the Governor, the Duke del Parque.

A printing-press has been constructed at Philadelphia by a Mr. Watt. The distribution of the ink over the types, as well as the printing, is performed by cylinders, which, with the tympan and frisket, are all operated by machinery, to which motion may be given by a horse, steam, or water. The same power can work several presses. The only attention necessary is that of a lad to each press, to place and remove the sheets.

London, Decemb. 11.—In a late foreign Journal is a relation of a suicide, which in *sang froid* equals any thing on record in England. A Lieutenant-Colonel Mantzen, of the Prussian Hussars, having been stripped at the gaming-table of all his property, even to his watch and the rings he wore, returned home. Next day he disposed of his commission, and having offered marriage to a respectable female whom he had seduced, a clergyman was sent for, and the ceremony performed. He then retired to a private room, and while some friends

were felicitating the bride on her fortune, the report of a pistol announced the catastrophe that had taken place. The company hastened to the room; but the Colonel was no more. On the table was a letter to his wife, mentioning the cause of his death, and inclosing the amount of the sale of his commission.

Advices from Petersburg, to the 11th November, state that the Government there is totally incapable of answering the demand made by Bonaparté for the re-payment of the Dutch Loan (about one million sterling in specie) and that this difficulty is likely to occasion an early and serious disagreement between Russia and France.

A spring has been discovered at Vernon, State of New York, which is so impregnated with inflammable particles, that, on touching the surface of the water with a lighted candle, it will immediately take fire and burn.

London, Decemb. 14.—Intelligence from Madrid states that the desertions from the French are numerous, as their adherents are destitute of pay, and have very scanty provisions. About eighty have disappeared within three days. Joseph seems insensible to the dangers of his situation, and spends his whole time in amusement.

American Liberality.—The state of Connecticut, having lately in its treasury, after the payment of all debts and taxes, 1,754,000 dollars, appropriated 1,354,000 to the support of public schools.

London, Decemb. 23.—From Cadiz we have received a Decree of the Cortes, declaring the Spanish nation responsible for the public debts owing by the State to legitimate creditors, annuitants, soldiers, &c. &c. either contracted by the former Government of Spain, or by the Provincial Juntas, previous to the installation of the Cortes, with the exception of debts due to the French, or the loan contracted to Holland by Charles IV.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty is now (*December* 28) somewhat better than for several preceding weeks. He takes his meals cheerfully and with appetite, and enjoys several hours' sleep every day: but of his mental recovery no hope seems to be entertained.

The Prince Regent was so far recovered from the hurt in his foot, that he came to town on the 9th of December.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *November* 28, eighteen pence, farthing—*December* 4, seventeen pence, three farthings—*Decemb.* 12, seventeen pence—*Decemb.* 19, seventeen pence farthing—*Decemb.* 26, the same.

Confined Debtors.—*November* 15, T. Porch, laborer, aged 51, with two children under 14 years of age, was discharged from Ilchester goal, where he had been confined since the 6th of July, for a debt of *forty-five shillings and five-pence*, and the costs *six pounds!*

Chapel-burning.—*Novemb.* 17, during the night, the Roman Catholic chapel of Kilrea, in Ireland, was set on fire, and all its timbers reduced to ashes. From marks of tar on the wall and in other places, it is evident that the fire was not accidental.

Hertford College.—A spirit of insubordination having recently appeared among the students of the Oriental languages in that seminary, forty of them were ordered (on the 21st of November) to quit the college.

Cannon.—A mode has been discovered (by Capt. Manby, it is said) of discharging cannon without the application of fire. The effect is produced by a slight pressure of the finger on a prepared tube inserted into the touch-hole.

Rats.—*Lewes, November* 25.—A few nights since, a child of Mr Grayling's, in the Cliffe, was twice attacked in his bed by a rat, and severely bitten.

Explosion.—The roof of one of the powder-mills at Seddlecombe, Sussex, was lately blown off, by the accidental explosion of a quantity of loose powder.—Fortunately no life was lost.

Another.—*Novemb.* 27, an explosion took place at the powder-mills at Waltham Abbey. The concussion was distinctly felt in and round the metropolis, at Stepney, Hackney, Blackwall, and Blackheath. At Stepney, a mirror of plate glass was broken by the shock; at Hackney, several panes of glass were forced in; and at Blackwall, the win-

dows throughout a whole street were shattered. Near the New Road, Mary-le-bone, also, several of the houses were much shaken; and the laborers, who were excavating in Mary-le-bone Park, felt the ground shake where they were at work. Several persons are stated to have been killed at Waltham Abbey, and much mischief done.

Pawn-brokers.—Novemb. 27, several pawnbrokers in the Borough were convicted in the mitigated penalty of 40s. and costs, for taking excessive interest.

Stray River.—The floods and high tides, which have lately prevailed on the coast of Kincardineshire, in Scotland, have entirely destroyed a very valuable Salmon-fishery.—This extraordinary occurrence is owing to the river North Esk having forced a new passage to the sea, higher up than the ancient outlet, by which the part of the river next the sea, on which the fishery was situated, is laid dry.

Spanish Subscription.—Novemb. 28, at the Crown and Anchor, a meeting of gentlemen and merchants, native Spaniards, or interested in the trade and welfare of Spain, commenced a subscription for the support of the army under General Ballasteros.—About £1700 was immediately subscribed.

Hackney Coaches.—Novemb 29, the driver of a hackney coach was fined ten shillings with costs, for having refused to take up a sailor and his wife, when called from the stand.

Harbouring Deserters.—Novemb. 29, W. Porter, master of a merchant ship, being convicted of knowingly harbouring two deserters from the navy, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of £500.

Combination.—At Coventry, six journeymen shoemakers were lately sentenced to imprisonment, for having combined to raise wages, and prevent their masters from employing whatever men they chose.

Earthquake.—November 30, a little before three in the morning, a shock, resembling that of an earthquake, was felt very generally in the towns of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport, and vicinity. It was instantaneous, and caused such a tremendous motion in many houses, that as many as 20 families were awakened by it. Several soldiers on guard say, that it was attended by a hollow rumbling noise; and several people belonging to vessels in the harbour, describe the water as violently agitated for some minutes. It appears to have lasted inland near a minute.—Its effects were nearly the same at Bognor, and all along the coast to Little Bampton. It is said to have been felt also at Chichester and Arundel, but in a much slighter degree. It did not extend to Brighton.

Mr. White.—Decemb. 2, at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor (Sir F Burdett in the chair) it was resolved that a subscription should be raised for Mr. White, proprietor of "The Independent Whig," now in confinement on a charge of libel. —On the 9th, the amount of subscriptions advertised was above £218.

Eton College.—A typhus fever having made its appearance at Eton, the gentlemen belonging to the college have been sent home.

Fictitious Messages.—A fellow has lately committed several robberies, by going to houses as a porter or footman, with pretended messages to the master or mistress, and, during the servant's absence, carrying off any portable articles within reach.

Scottish Delegates.—Some members of the Highland Society, and gentlemen appointed by different counties, having lately met at Edinburg to devise the best means of equalising the weights and measures, the Lord Advocate, and Baron Clerk, remonstrated against such meeting of *delegates:* but their remonstrances were disregarded.

Delivery of Parcels.—Decemb. 4, the proprietors of the White Horse, Fetter-lane, were fined ten shillings, with five shillings costs, for delay in the delivery of some game.

Cheap Mutton.—A butcher, impatient at being delayed by a customer who stammered very much, declared, that, if the latter could speak without stammering, he would make him a present of what he wanted. The stammerer immediately sang, with great fluency, a song, having for burden, "I want that leg of mutton." The mutton was handed to him, and the butcher *(Decemb. 4)* sued him for the price in the court of requests: but the commissioners, declaring themselves of opinion that the defendant had *fairly earned* the mutton, dismissed the complaint, with costs.

Illegal Marriage.—Decemb. 4, in a suit at Doctors' Commons respecting the legality of a marriage between a widower and the sister of his former wife, the

court declared it to be criminal to contract such marriage, and pronounced it null and void—although the parties had lived together eighteen years as man and wife, and had four children, the issue of that marriage.

Speculatory Expedition.—On receipt of the late American intelligence at Liverpool, a merchant immediately started for London—performed the journey (203 miles) in twenty hours—and availing himself of the ignorance of the London merchants, purchased from them upwards of 1000 bags of cotton on terms highly advantageous.—Whether, in an English court of justice, he could enforce the contracts, we know not: but we do know to a certainty that he could not have done it under the laws of ancient Rome, which considered it as a fraud in either buyer or seller to take advantage of the ignorance of the other party, as we clearly learn from some cases recorded by Valerius Maximus, and other Roman writers.

Martello towers are ordered to be erected immediately in various parts of the coasts of Essex and Norfolk.

Peculation.—It now appears, after a correct examination, that the deficiency of Mr. Hunt, late Treasurer of the Board of Ordnance, amounts to £91,000, some odd shillings.

Breach of Trust.—*Decemb.* 5, Benjamin Walsh, member of parliament, and stock-broker, absconded with £15,500, with which he had been entrusted by Sir Thomas Plomer, the Solicitor General, for the purchase of stock.—On the 9th, he was arrested at Falmouth, on his way to America.

Shocking Murder.—*Decemb.* 7, between 12 and 1 in the morning, Mr. Timothy Marr, of Ratcliffe Highway, his wife, his infant child, and an errand boy, were all murdered.—The maid servant, being sent on an errand, about midnight, and returning in less than half an hour, could not gain admittance. On her alarming the neighbours, they broke into the house, and found the four victims lifeless corses. The infant in the cradle had its throat cut—the others, their brains dashed out.—For the discovery of the perpetrators, considerable rewards have been offered, not only by government and the parish, but by private individuals in London and elsewhere, who have subscribed for the purpose: but the murderers have not yet been discovered (*Decemb.* 25).—This is the *seventh* atrocious murder that has been committed within a mile of that spot in the course of the last twelve months, all the perpetrators of which still remain *undiscovered!* For an *eighth*, see *Decemb.* 19.

Cruelty.—At Union Hall, Decemb. 8, James Noel, a master chimney-sweeper, was convicted in the penalty of £10, with costs, for ill treating his apprentice. Among other instances of inhumanity, he had placed lighted shavings under him to hasten his ascent up a chimney; by which the poor child's arm was severely scorched. The magistrates ordered the boy's indentures to be canceled.

Rump and Dozen.—Mr. Hussey and Mr. Crickett had made a wager of a rump and dozen:—it was reduced to writing, but not signed.—After some time, Mr. Crickett commissioned a friend to meet Mr. Hussey, and fix with him a day for the dinner and decision. A day was appointed, and a dinner ordered. Mr. Crickett, though apprised of time and place, did not attend:—the wager was decided against him; but he afterwards refused to pay the tavern bill, amounting to £18.—On Mr. Hussey's appeal to the Court of Common Pleas [*Decemb.* 8], the judge, Sir James Mansfield, expressed some doubt, whether he was bound to try such a cause, arising from a frivolous wager. The trial, however, proceeded; and the jury gave a verdict for the winner to the amount of the bill.

Fictitious Duplicates.—Several people have been lately defrauded by persons obtaining pawnbrokers' blank duplicates, which they fill up, as if they had pawned some article of value. They sell such duplicates, or obtain goods on them.

City Lottery.—A lady, who had a share of a ticket which had come up a prize in the Temple-bar lottery, applied to the city managers for the value of her share: but, neither the act of parliament nor the managers having authorised the division of the tickets into shares, she could obtain no redress.

Sporting.—The chase at Holkham, in Norfolk, the week before last, when Earl Moira, and several other shots of distinction, were down on a visit to Mr. Coke, produced to the game-larder, within six days, the following list of slaughter, viz. Pheasants, 264—Partridges, 314—Woodcocks, 29—Snipes, 46—Hares, 283—Rabbits, 391. Total killed 1307.

At the Suffolk gamekeepers' yearly meeting at Bury, on the 9th of Decem-

ber, R. Sharnton produced vouchers for the following list, and claimed the annual prize, a large silver powder flask, for the greatest comparative quantity of game killed or shot at, on any six days between the 8th of October and the 8th of December.—His list averaged three guns; and his extent of preserve is 4000 acres.

	Killed.	Missed.
Cock Pheasants	378	199
Hen Pheasants	51	33
Partridges	566	301
Hares	177	94

Total shots, 1799—nearly 300 a day.

Sharnton afterwards produced the account of the *vermin* and *birds of prey* that he had destroyed in the last 12 months. Foxes, 22—Martins, 3—Polecats, 31—Stoats, 446—Crows, and Magpies, 120—Hawks of all kinds, 167—Field Rats, 310—Brown Owls, 18—Wild Cats, 7.

He has but two under keepers.

Aukward Accouchement.—Decemb. 9, as a lady was going to Islington in one of the stage coaches, she was taken in labor, and delivered of a child. Fortunately there happened to be three ladies in the stage, and every assistance was given to her, which circumstances would permit.

Apprenticeship.—Decemb. 10, in an action brought by a common informer against a brush-maker, for employing persons who had not served a regular apprenticeship, the informer was nonsuited, because the trade of brush-making is not mentioned in the act imposing the penalty (40 shillings per month), and he could not prove that it was practised in England at the time of passing the act.

Pickpocket Constable.—Decemb. 11, a Mr. Tate having a scuffle with a fellow who had seised the chain of his watch, two of the pickpocket's accomplices came up—the one as a constable, to take the offender to the Poultry Compter—the other (genteelly dressed) as a witness, to give evidence.—The two marched off together: but, Mr. Tate, on his arrival at the compter, found that they had given him the slip.

The Lancasterian school, which Mr. Hoare, the banker, has erected at Hampstead at his own expence, was opened a few days ago with about a hundred children. The establishment is capable of accommodating about 150, and promises to be speedily filled up.

The Royal Mausoleum at Windsor has lately been finished, and the remains of the late Princess Amelia have been privately removed into it.

Prize Pig.—At the Smithfield Club cattle show, Decemb. 14, a prize pig was found to weigh, alive, 4½ cwt.

Datchet Bridge was opened for carriages, Decemb. 16.—Her Majesty was the first to drive over.

Stealing of public Papers.—The office for military accounts has been robbed of papers of the utmost consequence, which, to the amount of above 400 weight, have been sold as waste paper by the thief, John Gordon, a person belonging to the office.

Prize Money.—Lord Cochrane has acquired full £100,000 in prizes during the short time he was afloat.

British Prisoners in France.—By a person just arrived from France, we learn, that our countrymen have lately experienced some little relaxation of the former severity of the government. By giving bail for each other, they are frequently permitted to quit Verdun and other situations assigned as depots for prisoners, and, under this guarrantee, to travel into several of the departments, whether for the purposes of business, health, or amusement. In case the party bailed should not punctually return at the time stipulated, his friends giving security for his appearance are to be subjected to close confinement.

Bills of Exchange.—On a late trial in the court of King's Bench it was decided that the holder of a foreign bill of exchange cannot recover on it, unless he can prove the hand-writing of *all* the indorsers.

A white Partridge was lately shot in the manor of Thornton, by a gamekeeper to Lord R. Hesket, esq. The beak and claws were those of a partridge, but the plumage resembled a white pigeon. It had not a brown feather on any part.

Another Massacre!—Decemb. 19, between eleven and twelve at night, Mr. Williamson, keeper of the King's Arms public-house in New Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway, was inhumanly murdered in his own house, together with his wife and servant maid. On the alarm being given by a lodger who escaped from an upper window, the neighbours broke into the house, where they found the three bodies yet warm and bleeding, their throats cut, and their heads battered, as with an iron bar.

BORN.

November 20. Of Lady Charlotte Gould, a daughter.

Novemb. 23. Of the lady of the Rev. D. W. Garrow, Streatley Cottage, Berks, a daughter.

December 1. Of Lady Charlotte Hood, a daughter.

Decemb. 3. Of the lady of Col. Hughes, M.P. a son.

Decemb 3. At Basingstoke, of the wife of T. Snow, her *twenty-sixth child.*

Decemb. 7. Of the lady of the Rev Dr. Freeman, Chalfont St. Peter's, Bucks, a son.

Decemb 9. Of the lady of Sir Joseph Yorke, a daughter.

Decemb. 11. Of the lady of G. W. Denys, esq. Blacklands House, Chelsea, a son.

Decemb. 12. Of the lady of James Whatman, esq. Vinter's, Kent, a son

Decemb. 13. Of Viscountess Pollington, a son.

Decemb. 16. Of the lady of H. G. Hilbers, esq. Devonshire-place, a son.

Decemb. 16. Of the lady of G. Palmes, esq. Naburn, a son and heir.

Decemb. 17. Of the lady of David Scott, esq. Cadogan-place, a daughter.

Decemb. 19. Of Mrs. J. Smith, Bloomsbury Square, a daughter.

MARRIED.

December 2. Captain Maling, of the navy, to Harriet, daughter of the late Dr. Darwin.

Decemb. 5. Clement Hue, esq. M. D. to Miss Lucy Berkeley, of Writtle.

Decemb. 5. John Webbe Weston, esq. of Sutton-place, Surrey, to Miss Graham, niece of Sir James Graham, bart.

Decemb. 5. Joseph Dinsdale, esq. to Miss Cockfield, of Upton.

Decemb. 6. Laurence Sulivan, esq. of Ponsborne Park, Herts, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Temple.

Decemb. 9. The Hon. Capt. Poulett, of the Navy, to Miss Dallas, daughter of Sir Geo. Dallas, bart.

Decemb. 11. Mr. Henry Fred. Alston, Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, to Miss Elizabeth Ball, of Portland-place.

Lately, Lord Lindsay, to the Hon. Miss Pennington.

Decemb. 12. Arthur Morris, esq. of Conduit-street, to Miss Roebuck.

Decemb. 19. W. Martin Forster, esq. Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Jane Cholmeley.

Decemb. 19 The Rev. E. Winthrop, of West Malling, to Miss M. Eveleigh.

Decemb. 19 Charles Tweedie, esq. of Somerset-place, to Miss Sophia Carpenter, of Great Ilford, Essex.

Lately, W. Banbury, esq of Warlie Park, Essex, to Miss Margaret Knowles, of Wanstead.

DECEASED.

November 19. Sir Tho. Tyrwhitt Jones, bart.

Last week, The lady of the Rev. Richard Smyth, rector of Great Warley.

Novemb. 23. Dr. Hall, the new bishop of Dromore—He died on the very day when the London Gazette announced his promotion.

Novemb. 24. Mrs. Esdaile, Clapham Common.

Novemb. 24. Margaret, wife of Jas. Bowden, esq. Bury Hall, Edmonton.

Novemb. 26. The Duchess of Marlborough.

Novemb. 26. Ann, eldest daughter of Asher Goldsmid, esq.

Novemb. 27. Charles Lambert, esq. F A. S.

December 1. Mary, relict of Brigadier gen. W. Carlyon Hughes.

Decemb. 2. The Rev. W. Talbot, rector of Elmset, Cambridgeshire, aged 92.

Decemb. 5. At Market Harborough, in her 83d year, the relict of the late Marshal Allen, esq.

Decemb. 7. In her 82d year, Dame Frances Baird, relict of Sir W. Baird, bart.

Decemb. 7. Mrs. Conant, of Portland-place.

Decemb. 7. Lady Huntingfield.

Decemb. 8. The R. Hon. Th. Jones.

Decemb. 9. The Lady of Sir Joseph Yorke.

Decemb 11. Mrs. Bates, Foley-place.

Decemb. 13. The lady of Sir John Perring, bart.

Decemb. 15. Sir Wadsworth Busk, knt. in his 82d year.

Decemb. 16. The R. R. Dr. Charles Moss, Bishop of Oxford.

APPENDIX.

Invalid Prisoners of War.—It is asserted that no fewer than 12,000 French invalids have been sent over to France during the present war by the Transport Board, under orders from the Admiralty, without exchange, many of whom have again been taken in arms, whilst the French government have sent over but 13 British invalids since the commencement of hostilities.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1811.

CONTENTS.

The fatal Nuptials (*with a plate*), page 585
The Trial of Love, 589
The Dutch Patriots, 590
The Highland Hermitage, 594
What might be, 598
Sappho, 602
The Sack of Delhi, 605
State of Literature in Russia, 608
Man and Wife, 610
The Bang-Eater and his Wife. 612
Remains of Voltaire, 614

MEDLEY.

Constitutional Bon-mot, 615
T[illegible]th-Ache, 615
New Comet, 615
Slave Trade, 615
Russian Domestics, 616
Poisonous Gin and Sugar 616
Mermaid 616
To prevent chapped Hands 617
Courageous Humanity 617
Fractured and Dislocated Limbs 618

POETRY.

Winter 618
Stanzas, by Miss Squire 618
A Prayer 618
The Actor and the Lion - 619
A Romantic Scene 620
The Englishman's Wish in India 620
Chronologic Summary of notable events in 1811 631
Index to the Prose 625
Index to the Poetry 629

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The FATAL NUPTIALS.
2. A new and elegant PATTERN for REGENCY BORDERS, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Fatal Nuptials.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1811.

The fatal NUPTIALS.

(With a Plate.)

IN the vicinity of that ancient and commercial city, Seville, resided a Spanish nobleman, whom I shall merely distinguish by the title of Don Antonio. The magnificence of his castle, the splendor of his establishment, and the *hauteur* of his demeanour, at once displayed that pride and pomp of character, so justly attributed to the generality of the Spanish nation.—A plebeian, however dignified by worth or elevated by fortune, was to him a being too contemptible to associate with: it would not therefore have been surprising if his eldest son, Don Sebastian, had, from example, imbibed similar sentiments. It seemed, however, that the vices of Don Antonio, instead of alluring imitation, excited disgust; and the young lord was as remarkable for the condescending sweetness of his disposition, as the old one was for his pride and arrogance.—Between Don Sebastian and a young gentleman of the name of Hamilton, the most perfect intimacy had taken place; for gratitude on one part was the foundation of a friendship, strong as that which subsisted between Damon and Pythias.—Mr. Hamilton was the eldest son of a gentleman of high family, who had originally been intended for the bar; but, forming what was termed rather an imprudent connexion with an amiable young lady of small fortune, he had relinquished that profession, from finding it must be some years before he could obtain a sufficiency to enable him to support her in a suitable style.—To all the necessary application of a man of business, was united all the polish and urbanity of a finished gentleman; and so pleasing were his manners, and so completely full of rectitude his principles, that he soon became one of the first merchants in London.—As he intended his eldest son Adolphus to become a partner in his extensive concerns, he resolved he should acquire a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages by residing a certain period in the principal continental towns; and Adolphus Hamilton had been about ten weeks at Seville, when chance introduced him to Don Sebastian.

At one of those public exhibitions which are termed bull-feasts, which are conducted with a degree of magnificence very inapplicable to so ferocious an amusement, Adolphus Hamilton had the good fortune to preserve the life of Don Sebastian; for the enraged animal had broken the bands which constrained him, and, with fury flashing from his eye-balls, desperately gored the young man.—Terror appeared to paralyse the numerous spectators: the most piercing shrieks rent the air—when, at the moment the animal was preparing to plunge his horn a second time into the body of his devoted victim, the sword of Adolphus pierced him up to the hilt.—With an appalling roar he reeled back a few paces:—shouts of acclamation issued from every voice:—the vanquished foe bellowed a

groan of anguish, and fell lifeless at the victor's feet.

The wound, which the young lord had received, was deep, though not dangerous:—in the liveliest terms he expressed his gratitude to his brave deliverer, while Don Antonio, forgetting for a moment the natural *hauteur* of his disposition, with tears of joy pressed him to his heart.—The preserver of Don Sebastian was invited to accompany him to his father's castle, where the richest reward awaited his noble exploit; for the warm acknowledgements and approving smiles of the lovely Donna Isabella were more gratifying to his feelings than a princely prize.---An artist, desirous of drawing the Venus de'Medici, might have taken Lady Isabella as a model for her portrait; for such an assemblage of fine features are seldom combined with a form of such exquisite symmetry, or blended with manners so dignified, yet so sweet, and full of grace.---She appeared to Adolphus as a being cast in a mould of such superiority, that he could scarcely avoid considering her as a seraph, sent upon the earth, to inspire adoration; yet the condescending sweetness of her address, so different from the generality of the Spanish ladies, softened that sentiment into the refinement of love.

If the brave Adolphus was captivated by the superior charms of Donna Isabella, she was no less pleased with the manly graces of his person, while the polish of his manners, and the intelligence of his remarks upon every subject, proved him a young man of the most liberal education.

Don Antonio was too much gratified by the preservation of his son's existence, to reflect that no high-sounding title was prefixed to his preserver's name; and Adolphus was invited to repeat his visit at the castle on the following day.---With sensations of delight he accepted the invitation, and, in every succeeding visit, found his repugnance to leave the castle increase; for his affections were drawn forth by so powerful a magnet that he might not inaptly be compared to the attracted steel.

As Don Sebastian's health improved, the cordiality of Don Antonio's reception gradually decreased; for, no longer apprehensive for the recovery of the object of his affection, he began to reflect upon the comparative humble situation of the man by whom that existence had been preserved.---That Donna Isabella could ever venture to form an attachment so derogatory to her elevated birth, never entered his imagination, until her duenna pointed it out.---Rage and indignation fired his bosom at the bare suspicion:---the trembling Isabella was summoned to appear; and her ingenuous countenance too plainly discovered the lost situation of her heart.---Threats and imprecations the most dreadful were poured upon the devoted girl's head: she was immediately conveyed to the convent of St. Francis, and ordered to be confined to her cell.---The grateful Sebastian was likewise commanded never to behold the unfortunate Adolphus again, upon pain of his father's eternal displeasure, and threatened with being banished to a castle in one of the most remote parts of Spain.

Alarmed by the violence of his father's indignation, yet firm in his resolution of never forsaking his friend, the amiable Sebastian was for some time undetermined in what manner to act.---In an epistle dictated by gratitude and affection, he implored him not to attribute the

suspension of intercourse to a diminution of regard; adding, that, as he had reason to believe his every action would be scrutinised, he would not attempt seeing him for the space of a month.---During that period of time, the harsh treatment of the abbess, united to the misery of being eternally separated from the only being she had ever loved, produced such an alarming effect upon the timid Isabella's constitution, that, when her brother obtained permission to visit the convent, he scarcily knew her.

Shocked at beholding a sister whom he loved with the most exquisite tenderness, falling a sacrifice to parental cruelty and pride, in the fullness of his heart he vowed to rescue her from such tyranny, even at the hazard of his valuable life.---From the convent he went to the house inhabited by Adolphus: ---again were his affectionate feelings distressed; for the conviction of having been the occasion of Isabella's sufferings, produced upon her lover the most violent effect.--A depression the most melancholy had seised his spirits: a slow nervous fever was undermining his health; and that form, which, a month before, had excited universal admiration, had become the emaciated emblem of sorrow and sickness.

Soothed by the assurances of sympathy and exertion, the delighted Adolphus listened, with an appearance of renovated existence, to the plan suggested by his friend, which was that of a private marriage, the danger and difficulty of which consisted in getting his sister out of the convent.---Previous, however, to the adoption of this measure, an appeal was to be made to Don Antonio's heart, and the situation of Donna Isabella described to him with all the pathos of fraternal regard.---Faint, notwithstanding, were his hopes, and vain the experiment; for stern and inflexible was the haughty lord; and he vowed he would rather follow her to a mausoleum, than see her wedded to a heretic, and a man so lowly born.

Don Sebastian too well knew his father's disposition, not to be convinced that his sister would not be the only object of his rage; and a few words he had un-intentionally dropped in the course of conversation, gave him reason to believe his friend would be far from Seville in the course of a few days.---Not a moment was to be lost in this critical situation:---he therefore resolved immediately to personate the character of a friar; and, under pretence of wishing to deliver a private message from Don Antonio to his daughter, he readily obtained an interview with her.

The delicate mind of the lovely Isabella at first recoiled at the idea of an open violation of her duty to Don Antonio: but, when her brother represented the dangers her lover was exposed to, from the violence of her father's temper, she professed herself ready to accompany him to the most distant part of the globe.---By the assistance of the merchant on whom Adolphus had bills of credit, a vessel was engaged to convey them to England, as soon as a protestant priest had performed the ceremony which was to unite their fate.---Where this ceremony was to be performed, was the next consideration; and, after mature deliberation, it was agreed that it should take place in an unfrequented cavern, known only to a few unsuspicious peasants who kept their herds near the spot.

The pretended friar, upon taking leave of the agitated Isabella, promised to represent her penitence to

Don Antonio; "And, child," (added he) "I shall use that influence which my sacred function gives me, to induce him to let you return."--Every thing was accordingly prepared for the ceremony; and, when that was over, for their immediate flight.--At an early hour Don Sebastian again repaired to the convent, and demanded Donna Isabella in her father's name.---Not the slightest suspicion arose in the breast of the abbess; she accompanied the trembling Isabella to the convent gate, applauding her return to duty with the highest commendations, and entreating the supposed reverend father to use his influence to restore peace.---The carriage quickly conveyed them to the suburbs of the city, where two fleet coursers were ready prepared, as the road they had to travel admitted not of a carriage; and, in less than two hours, they reached their destined port.

The ecstatic lover, and the clergyman, were already concealed in the cavern.---To paint the joy and gratitude of Adolphus is beyond description's power, when he beheld the blushing Isabella, sustained by the arm of her fond brother, enter the subterraneous abode.

"Dear arbitress of my future destiny!" (he exclaimed with rapture) "how shall I repay this inestimable proof of regard? O my beloved, my adored Isabella! my heart is too full of joy and gratitude, for words. . . . . ."---"Waste not the precious time, my friend," (said Don Sebastian, interrupting him) "in declarations, which, I am persuaded, are sincere; for so delicate is my sister's situation, that I cannot suffer a moment to elapse until I can lawfully commit her to your care."

"Precious boon of all-gracious Providence!" rejoined Adolphus, tenderly taking the hand of Isabella, and dropping upon his knee—"Oh thou great power that witnessest human actions!—sanction, I beseech thee, the vow I am about to take!"—The priest instantly began the sacred ceremony, and performed it with a solemnity which gave impression to his words, while recording angels might have witnessed the purity of that passion which influenced the lovely Isabella's heart.

It had been previously determined that the new-married pair should remain in the cavern, until the shades of evening favored their flight. The day was nearly spent; but, an hour before sunset, their tranquillity was disturbed by the sound of horses' feet.—The terrified Isabella fell senseless into the arms of her lover, at the sound of Don Antonio's voice, who, with epithets the most violent, commanded the agonised Adolphus to come out of his hiding-place.—He gently laid the inanimate form of the object of his affection upon a kind of mound which had served them for a seat, and undauntedly obeyed the summons—happy that his adored Isabella was spared the horror of such a scene.

"Draw, perfidious wretch! and defend thy base existence!" exclaimed Don Antonio in a voice hollow from excessive rage.—"Never, my lord," replied the undaunted Adolphus, unless for the purpose of defending my life."—"Cool, insolent, yet aspiring dastard! Then thus I'll punish thy presumption and cowardice!"—So saying, he made a thrust at the breast of Adolphus, which his arm prevented from proving mortal.—Rendered furious by disappointment, he again prepared for a second attack: Adolphus drew his sword, to ward off the weapon, and, by a sudden twist of his antagonist, it entered his breast, and he fell, calling upon heaven to avenge

his murder, and pour down curses on his murderer's head!

The attendants rushed to his assistance, while the ill-fated Adolphus stood transfixed with horror—totally unmindful of his own sufferings or of the blood which gushed from his streaming wound.—At that moment Isabella recovered from her state of insensibility, and, throwing her arm round the neck of her brother, implored him to shield her from her father's rage. The clashing of swords had reached the ears of the agitated Sebastian:—with fearful heart he approached the mouth of the cave, followed by the trembling Isabella, who, hearing all silent, threw back her veil.

What a scene of horror at that moment presented itself! a parent whom she still loved, apparently writhing in the agonies of death—whilst the being to whom she had had just vowed eternal constancy and affection, stood as the murderer of the author of her existence!—A shriek of horror burst from her agonising bosom:—she attempted to fly towards her expiring parent; but the shock she had received was too violent for exertion; and the cold earth received her trembling frame. ---One fit rapidly succeeded the other; but, at those intervals, there was not the slightest return of sense; and, in less than four and twenty hours from the period of her nuptials, the sorrows of the amiable Isabella were terminated by the hand of Death.

The TRIAL *of* LOVE.

(*Continued from page 504.*)

"OH! dear Gertrude, is she still alive?" inquired Louis eagerly. —"Thank heaven," replied she calmly, "there is not yet any fear of her life, though she is rather worse this morning."—"Merciful God!" cried he, darting into the closet. The fearful cup was still there: he wildly gazed on it; and, striking his foreheard with violence, he furiously rushed by Gertrude, exclaiming in a terrible voice, "She must die! and I am her destroyer!" He swiftly descended the stairs, mounted his horse, and, impetuously clapping spurs to him, was soon out of sight.

In the evening he asked one of the neighbours of Hardeburg if Armgard was dead; and was enraged at the indifference with which this man answered, that he "did not know she had been ill."

He hastened back to the castle, and found Armgard up, but still pale and languid.—The fatal cup was no longer in the closet.—Louis spent the rest of the evening in the utmost trepidation; and, when the clock had struck twelve, his joy was as unbounded and as boisterous, as his inquietude had been excessive. He was so intoxicated with the happiness of seeing her safe, that he did not take notice of the obvious distance that was visible in Armgard's manner to him. When he lay down, the sweetest sleep and most enchanting dreams refreshed his exhausted frame, and restored peace to his bosom.—Not so with the fair Armgard: she passed the night tormented by grief. Wounded pride and disappointed hope—love, hatred, anger, and sorrow—instilled their poison into her heart; and the next morning she appeared so pale and dejected, that one might have been tempted to believe the prediction verified.

Louis flew to her with the triumphant look of happy love; and it was only then that he perceived the change in her behaviour. It was in vain he complained, entreated, and upbraided by turns.

There afterwards appeared moments in which she seemed to treat him more favorably; but, whenever he mentioned his passion, Armgard's clouded brow indicated displeasure; and, for some days, Louis puzzled himself to no purpose, to discover the reason for this strange alteration.

It was at this period, that George Walsdorf arrived in the vicinity of Hardeburg, and soon attracted the eyes of all the young ladies in that part of the country. His long residence at the court of the emperor had given a polish and elegance to his manners, that distinguished him above all the other knights. He saw the beautiful Armgard, and ere long augmented the number of her admirers: but he did not succeed better than his rivals in conquering the coldness and reserve that seemed, since her illness, to have become a leading feature in her character.

However, she paid dearly in secret for her affected indifference, and the vanity of ever having thought herself beloved above all things. The heart of poor Armgard had felt a passion, and still retained an inclination, for Louis, which she could not entirely subdue, and which, contending with the hatred she fancied she entertained for him, cruelly punished her for the sufferings she inflicted on that unhappy young man. In solitude she shed tears, which seldom flow from the eyes of the young and beautiful: she looked upon love as a chimæra, that never had any existence but in her heart, to render her miserable; and she repelled those soft illusions that spread charms over the rugged paths of life, to cherish fantasies which made her wretched. Pretending to judge sensibility at the rigid tribunal of reason, she endeavoured to stifle in her breast the powerful voice of nature.

Armgard became daily more grave, and less communicative: she courted solitude, and, seeking the most sequestered walks, would indulge her melancholy *réverie* for hours together. Studiously as she shunned Louis, she could not always avoid meeting him: but, however hard and painful the task, she obstinately persisted in the line of conduct lately adopted, and opposed the most frigid insensibility to his tears and expostulations. George Walsdorf, on his part, watched every opportunity to disclose his sentiments to Armgard, and engage her affections, but with no better success. She did not, it is true, forbid him to love; yet she steadily refused listening to his professions, and insisted on his not intruding on her retirement.

In one of her solitary rambles, Armgard wandered so far as the banks of the Rhine. Pleased with the wild scenery, and the noise of the waters impetuously rushing through the rocks, she stopped: but the stone on which her foot rested giving way, she fell headlong into the river.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots of the Sixteenth Century.

(Continued from page 547.)

At this odious picture, the Batavian and the Gallic chiefs with impetuous emotion grasp their swords, and with one voice exclaim—"To arms, citizens and warriors! to arms! Let us avenge the outrages offered to human nature! Perish all tyrants! Let us fight and triumph in the cause of Liberty, or gloriously expire under her banners!"

Long did the vaulted dome of this ancient fabric, long did the encircling groves, resound with the tremendous cry.

"Such," resumed the genius, "was the sublime enthusiasm which animated the Frisons, whom that monster of cruelty and despotism viewed as a contemptible herd of passive slaves. An avenger arose among them: Everard immolated the tyrant Godfrey on the altar of his country: the Normans on every side fell beneath the uplifted arm of the people; and the plains of Friesland echoed with joyous pæans in honor of Liberty. In the glorious annals of a nation which has never been subjugated, behold a Theodoric march against the Huns, vanquish them, and celebrate his victory by the institution of tournaments—a lively image of those games at which universal Greece was wont to assemble.—Under another Theodoric, the rage of the tempest burst the solid barrier of the opposing dikes, inundated the camp of the emperor, and obliged him to consult his safety by a precipitate flight. The Batavians pursued his retreating squadrons, and captured his fleet."

This event fixed the attention of Nassau, and sank deep into his memory.

"Surely," continued the inspired orator—"surely, Florentius, you must have extended your ken to the remote regions of futurity! You predicted that a handful of Batavians, combating under the standard of Liberty, were capable of triumphing over numerous hosts: yourself set the glorious example: but, exhausted with fatigue and weakened by the effusion of blood, you reclined your weary limbs against the trunk of a tree; when, lo! a band of enemies, taking base advantage of your defenceless condition, seised the opportunity to attack you. Though unsupported by a single friend, you valiantly opposed their onset:—of what consequence to you was the loss of life, since you expired in the arms of victory?

"Behold William laying at The Hague the foundations of a palace, on which smiles a brilliant morn, fair presage of a happy day. Zealand and Friesland were alternately the theatre of his valour. Alone he ventured to tempt the treacherous ice, which broke under the weight of his courser and his arms; when, from their concealment among the reeds, a hostile band sally forth, and surround him: but he, dreading captivity worse than death, undauntedly combats his assailants, and falls in the flower of his age.

"Every thing now seemed sinking into ruin, when Hamsteed in a single ship pursues the enemy's fleet: he hastes to Haerlem, displaying in his hand the great standard of Holland; he announces the arrival of a second William: already Leiden signalises her courage; already even the women among the Batavians learn to emulate the martial exploits of men. This new William makes his appearance on the seas, unites his fleet to the squadron of France, defeats the Flemings, and takes their count prisoner. The father of William, sinking under the burden of accumulated years, expires in a transport of joy on hearing the triumphs of his son; while Haerlem, the genial soil of liberty, is illustrated by games of unparalleled magnificence.

"Several of thy progenitors, Nassau! have, by their achievements, equaled those exalted heroes: an Otho triumphed over the Huns: his son gloriously trod in his father's steps: under another Nassau, cities rose from the ground: Henry accompanied Frederic into Italy: his brother, under the auspices of the same Frederic, signalised his valour in Asia, and, on his return, eman-

cipated Betuwe.—I could also name others equally fired by the thirst of glory, and by that generous zeal which stimulates the patriot to devote his life for the interest of his country.

"Batavians! many pages in the volume of your annals yet remain blank: but if History has, during a season, dropped her pencil for want of facts worthy of being transmitted to the memory of succeeding ages, to you it belongs—to you, a nation incessantly attacked, but never subjugated—to you it belongs to revive her energetic activity, by furnishing her with an illustrious theme, in your heroic constancy and your brilliant triumphs. Go, Batavians! conduct to a happy conclusion the greatest and most just of all enterprises: but beware of tarnishing its glory: be careful to distinguish the manly impulse of liberty from the unbridled excesses of audacious anarchy, whose wounds prove mortal to the state, or tedious and difficult of cure. To avoid overturning the yet unfinished fabric which your hands are about to rear, may you proceed in the great work undisturbed by the fury of contending factions! may your country be for-ever un-acquainted with the dire effects which flow from that detested source! Let laws, order, and morals, reign among you, and insure to you the enjoyment of the rich fruits of your arduous toils: thus be it your task to deserve that time and experience may perfect the majestic edifice of which you are now preparing to lay the foundations.—O destructive rage of faction! sanguinary hate! fatal ambition! degrading avarice! into what an abyss of misery will you one day immerge a generous nation, at the moment when she shall have achieved the conquest of her liberty, and fixed the attention of the universe by the daring exertions of her courage, and the brilliant splendor of her triumphs, which the page of history ne'er can parallel!

"Whither run those miscreants armed with clubs and poignards?—The prisons ope their gates, while thousands of men and women.... Ye tigers! stop! ..... But it is too late!—the seat of Justice has been usurped by a hideous phantom who has assumed her semblance: the laws have remained silent: in their presence has the measure of guilt been filled; under their eyes have torrents of blood inundated the ground.

"And you also, innocent victims, who lie miserably crowded together in palaces and temples which blind rage has converted into dark noisome dungeons—your mournful accents already by anticipation resound in my ears: my eyes witness the effusion of your blood: I see the old and the young promiscuously dragged to execution! Of what crimes, then, unfortunate victims! have you been guilty? Your virtues, your too enlightened zeal, your talents, your genius, your spoils which invite the rapacious hands of your assassins—these, and these alone, are your crimes. Ye fathers, who have been sprinkled with the blood of your sons! ye mothers, who have pressed your daughters to your bosoms, and with loud cries vainly sued for the wretched consolation of preceding them in death! I behold you on the same day mounting the fatal scaffold. O excess of madness and barbarity! thoughtless, misguided citizens! you eagerly crowd to gaze at these atrocious spectacles! by loud plaudits you testify your approbation of such bloody sacrifices, and fancy that to them you are indebted for your safety and your happiness!

"Where then is the senate?

where are the men whose bosoms glow with genuine courage?—They are reaping laurels on the frontier, or languishing in chains at home! The remainder of the nation quake in silent terror before a base tyrant, and before that dire tribunal, which, in conjunction with him, exercises despotic sway—that tribunal, whose very name makes justice and reason blush—that tribunal, where the judges, the witnesses, the tyrant who directs them, and his numerous satellites, compose a horde of blood-thirsty murderers. Throughout the whole extent of that vast empire—in every place—at every hour—these monstrous sacrifices are offered, at the expense of bleeding hecatombs of un-offending citizens: and twice does our earth encircle the sun in her annual round, before the savage fury of those assassins suffers aught of abatement.—Witness, thou funereal pall, which I see extended over that empire, and by which it will long continue veiled—witness, ye once flourishing regions, which I see transformed into sterile deserts—and ye rivers, whose streams recoil toward their sources, un-able to force their way through the heaps of lifeless corses which have been thrown into their beds from the floating dungeons......"

Here the genius of history suddenly paused, as if the pencil, with which he had transmitted to succeeding ages the portraits of those monsters who deluged Rome with blood, at length dropped from his hand, incapable of depicting the horrors that now presented themselves to his view.

Deeply affected by this picture, of which they had but an imperfect glimpse, the Gallic and Batavian chiefs remained in mournful silence; when new master-pieces of art awaked and captivated their attention. What wondrous spectacle!—is it enchantment?—Athens! Rome! a divinity pronounces her mighty fiat o'er your ruins, and rears them from the dust. Architecture, in all her majestic grandeur, presents herself to the eyes of those heroes, in the models which past ages had produced under her inspiring influence. In the productions of that noble art, they admire the sublimity of the design, the felicity of the proportions, the perfect harmony of the different parts with each other: but what most forcibly strikes them, is that strong feature of immortality which stamps the accomplished whole.

So august are the monuments of her labors, that their very ruins are held in veneration; and, when not even a ruin of them is any longer to be found, the spot where they once stood, is still revered as sacred; while, reproduced, as it were, by the power of imagination, they re-assume an ideal existence.—At length every latent energy is now bursting forth into activity: a universal regeneration is about to ensue; and nature will soon show herself more prolific in wonders than at any former period. The edifices, the palaces, erected during the dark night of barbarism, will sink under the disproportioned weight of their monstrous ornaments: already is the hand of Time busied in sapping their cumbrous turrets: they fall to the ground; and, from their ruins, arise new fabrics, which rival the admired monuments of Athens and of Rome. The opening earth restores to light those monuments, which had long lain buried in her womb, as in the peaceful grave, where they found a shelter from those barbarous hordes who ravaged and reduced every thing to ashes.

The solid Doric, the precise and elegant Ionic, the rich Corinthian, at length emerge from the accumulated dust of ages, and re-appear to the eyes of mankind...... Architecture! the day is now rapidly approaching, when thou shalt no longer be condemned to decorate the abodes of tyranny and superstition, and thy noble erections shall be consecrated to virtue, to glorious deeds, and to the happiness of nations.

The fascination now seemed carried to the utmost height, when, on a sudded, harmonious sounds, the most energetic language of the soul, again enchant and captivate the senses. Long overpowered by the rude cries of barbarism, they at length break forth anew, and announce the dawn of the most polished æra. Such, after a tedious night, whose silence suffered no other interruption than from the lugubrious screams of ill-omened birds, are heard the tuneful notes which hail the car of Phœbus advancing through the east.---What melting sounds! Grief and regret utter their plaintive accents; and at their voice each eye sheds the tributary tear. Thus Philomel, during the absence of day, joins her mournful melody to the slow murmurs of the passing brook.---In the midst of those thrilling notes, are heard terrific sounds---the shrieks of despair ---the yells of revenge—the shouts of warring hosts---the acclaims of triumphant liberty. At the sound of these all-powerful voices, the furious ocean seems to burst his bounds ---the massive piles of Ætna shake to their foundations, while its yawning summit rivals the fire of Jove, and vomits columns of flame, which reach to the celestial dome:---in short, every object, every sentiment, is energetically expressed by the united powers of music and poetry.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 543.*)

Mrs. Lenox, to Lady Beaumont.

YOUR congratulations, my ever dear Lady Beaumont, on the birth of my daughter, were most acceptable. She will be the sweet cement of a union perfectly tender. Lenox, with looks of paternal love, gazes with delight on his little Matilda. My father too, dear old man! looks on this child as the dearest gift of heaven. And, like provident parents, we have already fixed on a spouse for our daughter. And who, you will ask, is this husband? My dear Jane, he is yet in embryo:—who should it be, but your first-born, Lord Beaumont's son and heir? Will not this be a happy expedient to transmit our friendship to posterity? Do not then, my dear lady, mar our plan by bringing into the world a fem ale.

You give me joy on our advance of rank:—in these compliments, I know Lady Beaumont spoke the language of modern politeness: they are not the sentiments of your heart. An exaltation to nobility cannot add to the happiness of either Lenox or me: and, when our elevation is the consequence of a distressing event, we can feel no other sensations than those of sorrow. Lord Granville's only son was really an honor to human nature: society has lost a valuable and accomplished member; a fond father, the support and comfort of his declining years. Can we then, my dear friend, if we possess the common feelings of humanity, rejoice at an event that will bring the grey hairs of Lord Granville with sorrow to the grave? The prospect of the coronet,

therefore, that is now pendent over the brow of my husband, is rather an alloy than an increase of felicity to him.

Lenox is at present with his uncle, and will continue with him till the first transports of sorrow are abated. But I will quit this melancholy subject for a more joyous one.—I am exceeding glad to hear that Charles Denham is married. He is a pleasant, well-bred man: and I think nature formed him for happinesss in the conjugal state; and, from the interesting character you give of his bride, I think they have a fair prospect before them, which that they may long enjoy, is the very sincere wish of your ever affectionate

SOPHIA LENOX.

A long period of time now passes on, during which nothing material happens in these families, excepting the death of Lord Granville, at whose decease the title and estate descend to Mr. Lenox, now Lord Granville, who is made happy by the birth of a son and heir.---Lord Beaumont has two sons, and the Earl of Ossenvor, a son and a daughter.—As these are merely domestic occurrences, the letters that passed between these friends, till Miss Lenox attains the age of twenty-two, are omitted;—from which period the history is continued.

Lord Beaumont, to Mr. La Roche.

RETURN to England, my friend, my dear La Roche! No longer reject the solicitations of your happy Beaumont. Have I not scrupulously adhered to the promise I made you on the day of our separation?—"Oh! press me not, Beaumont, to quit this retirement, till all-healing time shall have mitigated the poignancy of my affliction. I will then visit you in England; and I trust I shall once more receive pleasure in the society of the friend I love." These were your parting words:—I held your sorrows sacred, and left to time, to reason, and to philosophy, to speak peace to your troubled soul.

But, La Roche, more than twice ten summers, and as many winters, have passed o'er your head, since last I saw you: yet still you evade the promise you made me. You tell me that affliction and retirement have rendered you unfit for the world;—that seclusion has given an air of singularity to your person and manner, which though you are conscious of, you cannot shake off. All these are poor excuses to a friend who loves you. You have often told me, even at the time when you suffered under the most poignant anguish of mind, that it would give you joy to hear that I was happy—I *am* happy, La Roche—happy as a mortal man can be. I have often told you so. In the hey-day of youth, with what rapturous expressions of fondness have I mentioned my wife to you! Though time may possibly have diminished the ardor of passion, yet still she is as dear to me, as at the moment when I led her to the altar.

Lady Beaumont loves and respects the friend of her husband. She is anxious to see you, La Roche: she will gently sooth your sorrows: it will be her greatest delight to make Beaumont Lodge comfortable to you. I have two sons, who, if a father's fondness does not mislead his judgement, are not unworthy of the friendrhip of La Roche.—Oh! come then, friend of my youth! and be a witness of my happiness, which, without your society, cannot be complete. You have a soul, that, when oppressed with misery, could bow with patience and resignation before the throne of mercy, and own that its decrees were just. You have a soul, that, in the

most trying moment, can rejoice at the happiness of your friend, to whom the Supreme Being has dealt his blessings with so liberal a hand. Once more, then, tread on English ground: let La Roche and Beaumont meet again: let me have the inexpressible pleasure of presenting my family to you.—I will use no more arguments to persuade you to comply with my wishes. My heart is set on seeing you in England; and I trust you will not disappoint me.—Yours un-alterably,

BEAUMONT.

Mr. La Roche, to Lord Beaumont.

LA Roche will see you again, my lord: I will visit you in England: it was always my intention, though I have, from time to time, postponed it.—Dear as you are to me, Beaumont, and much as I wish to see you, it will require an exertion to quit this place—this solitude, that has so long been the silent nurse of all my sorrows: it will require an exertion to mix again in the cheerful haunts of men. Time and affliction have engendered such a lassitude within me, and grief has so long been my companion, that, instead of its wearing away, I seem to cherish it with a kind of melancholy pleasure. The infirmities of age begin to creep upon me, too, my lord; nor do I wonder at it, when I think how heavily misfortunes have pressed upon me from my youth upwards. Yes, my dear friend, I shall see you again. Nay, my heart will feel, in your society, a transport, to which it has long been a stranger.

I long to see your wife—your sons too. I shall, in them, see Beaumont in his youthful days, whose care and un-exampled friendship saved me from despair, and bade me live to taste the joys of generous friendship. And if, as I hope I shall, I find myself happier in your company, I will bid adieu to France, and spend the remainder of my days with you.

One thing I must mention to your lordship: let my sad story be known to none but your family. I wish not to be held up, as an object of pity, to a gaping multitude; nor should I choose to damp the harmony of spirits of the more refined part of mankind, with whom I shall associate among the circle of your friends. Let then my misfortunes be forgotten:—if possible, I will forget them myself. I will leave my sorrows in the vale of St Cas. I will not cloud your joys, my friend, with even the appearance of sadness.

Gracious heaven! when I see you, Beaumont, see you surrounded with domestic joys—when I see your wife, your sons—will not my heart be torn by the bitter recollection that once I was happy as you—that once I was a son, a husband, and a father? Even now, my lord, the big tear rolls down my cheek, when I think on the horrible uncertainty, in which the fate of my family is involved. Death is the common lot of finite mortals, and must be submitted to with patience and resignation. The cold hand of death, which snatched my Maria from me, spared my child.—My boy, my poor boy! where art thou now? The pride of my country is proverbial. You know, my lord, that I am a very proud Scotchman. What then must be my feelings, when I think on the uncertain fate of my son? Descended from an ancient honorable family, though that family now lies buried in ruins—my boy, born to an affluent fortune, perhaps in his infancy raised his little hands, and begged in vain for bread! or, what is infinitely worse, he may at this moment be the fawning sycophant of some great man's vices. To gain a precarious support, he may with difficulty check

the proud blood that flows in his veins, and be the tool of a right honorable villain, who possibly might raise himself from obscurity, on the ruins of my fallen family.—Great God! the thought is not to be borne. My son could not be so abject a being: let him nobly brave the storms of fate: may he live free, or long since have perished gloriously. —But all this is dark to me: I can only think, and be wretched.

Pardon me, my lord! I am yet sensible to the calls of friendship: in your family, I shall once more know happiness. On Thursday next, I shall tread on English ground. You have promised to meet me at Dover.—Till then, adieu! And believe me to be gratefully impressed with the recollection of your kindness and attention to the unfortunate

LA ROCHE.

Lady Beaumont, to Lady Granville.

IF you will not come to me yourself, my dear Lady Granville, you will, I flatter myself, spare to me your daughter. The company of your Matilda, always dear to me, will at this time be particularly so. She will assist me in entertaining Mr. La Roche, the most beloved friend of my lord.—I believe you have often heard me mention that my husband was attached to a gentleman abroad, whom he wished very much to see in England.—This gentleman is at last arrived; and, when you see him, my dear Lady Granville, you will not wonder at my lord's partiality for him. Wretchedness and he had been so long acquainted, that I was apprehensive it would not be in our power to amuse him, from thinking too deeply on his sorrows. But I have had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing him declare that he has not, for four and twenty years, experienced that internal peace and tranquillity which he has enjoyed since he has been with us. My niece, Lady Louisa, is with me: this will be an inducement to Miss Lenox to favor me with her company.

Mr. La Roche is fond of music: the harmony of a fine voice fills his soul with rapture. Matilda's excellence in her vocal exertions is universally allowed by all who have had the pleasure of hearing her. "My dear sir," cries my fond son, "could you hear Miss Lenox sing, you would think it the music of the spheres."

Fortescue is not happy, my dear Lady Granville: there is a languor hangs about him, which cannot escape the observation of a mother anxious for the happiness of her children.---His attachment to our Matilda, his tender apprehensions, are the source whence this languor springs.---Lord Beaumont wishes to see his son married. My dear friend, there can be no reason for any longer delay. Let this long-projected union take place.

Shall I tell your ladyship the fears that agitate the bosom of my poor love-stricken Fortescue? He thinks that the wishes of your daughter's heart are not in unison with his; that she receives his addresses to oblige her friends, and not from any sentiment of tenderness she feels for him. If this be the case, the connexion had better cease at once.---Miss Lenox, I flatter myself, esteems and loves me: her nature is open and ingenuous; I love her too well to bear the thoughts of her being unhappy. I think I shall discover the real situation of her heart, when she is with me. But perhaps, my dear friend, my son is a little too enthusiastic in his notions. Your Matilda may love him, though not with that romantic refinement which he seems to expect; and we may not be disappointed in the proposed alliance between our families, which, I own,

I have long set my heart on. At any rate, it is best to come to an *éclaircissement:* let then your dear girl come to me, my beloved friend.---Constantly yours,

JANE BEAUMONT.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT MIGHT BE.

(*Continued from page* 556.)

ASTONISHED and alarmed at the extraordinary behaviour of her brother, Mrs. Legoxton implored her husband to follow him; while the agitated Caroline, no longer capable of deriving pleasure from the gay scene by which she was surrounded, entreated her sister immediately to quit it.

"It was Sir Frederick Montgomery's presence which gave a charm to this splendid entertainment, Miss Legoxton, I find," said Lord William, in a dejected tone of voice.---"Not so my lord," replied the embarrassed Caroline: "but, splendid as it is, I really find myself fatigued; and, as the crowd appears to increase, I fear two ladies must be too great a charge for you to undertake."---"Are you fearful, charming Miss Legoxton, of trusting yourself to *my* protection?" demanded his lordship.---"Oh! no," replied the artless Caroline: "I have not the slightest fear; but I am apprehensive that poor Sir Frederick is seriously indisposed."

"Enviable Sir Frederick! what pangs would I not suffer to excite the same solicitude!" said Lord William, tenderly pressing the hand which was passed through his arm.—Captain Legoxton had left the ladies to Lord William's protection, upon the first hint from Mrs. Legoxton that her brother was suddenly indisposed; and, finding him not return, she readily agreed to Caroline's proposal of going immediately home.

The moment Sir Frederick found the faintness which the sight of the incognita had excited, subside, he eagerly inquired of all the attendants in what manner she had quitted the house -- what kind of carriage she had entered, and which way it drove.---No satisfactory reply could be given to these interrogatories, as the domestics had been too much occupied to pay attention, though one of them declared that he perfectly recollected hearing the domino mention the name of Montgomery, as she passed through the hall.---This circumstance completely confirmed Sir Frederick's suspicions. "It was doubtless my evil genius!" he emphatically exclaimed, as he turned away from the servant, and rushed into the street. So completely occupied was his mind, that he had totally forgotten his appearance, until the fixed gaze of the beholders reminded him that he was in masquerade; when, stepping into the first hackney coach he saw, he commanded the man to drive to Major Beauchamp's.

As Major Beauchamp was the only person who was acquainted with Sir Frederick's former attachment, he was the only one to whom he could apply for consolation or advice; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he had the satisfaction of hearing he had not retired to rest.

"For heaven's sake, Montgomery, inform me what has happened," exclaimed the major, cordially taking Sir Frederick's hand, and, observing his dress with a look of astonishment, was convinced that some uncommon circumstance must have occasioned his unseasonable visit.

In brief words Sir Frederick described the singular behaviour of the incognita, and his conviction that it could be no other person than Lady Gertrude.---"And is that the sole

cause of all this agitation?" inquired the major. In mercy, my good fellow, get home, and go to bed."—It was in vain that Major Beauchamp endeavoured to rally his friend out of his suspicions—or, allowing them to be just, to convince him they could not affect his passion for Caroline. He advised him to relate every circumstance respecting his former connexion to Captain Legoxton, and openly avow his attachment to Caroline.

While Sir Frederick was attentively listening to the counsel of his youthful Mentor, both Captain Legoxton and the ladies were suffering the most painful anxiety on his account; and the artless Caroline was no longer able to conceal the real state of her heart.—As the watchman cried the hour of three, the torture of suspense was terminated by a gentle rap at the street door.—"Is it you, my dear Frederick?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Legoxton, at the same time running half way down the stairs.—"Good heavens! Montgomery, why did you alarm the ladies?" said Captain Legoxton, in rather an angry tone.

"A sudden faintness overwhelmed me," (replied Sir Frederick) "occasioned, I believe, by the intense heat of the rooms; but most sincerely do I grieve to have excited apprehension in the breasts of those whom I wish to shield from every pang."—As he said this, he directed his fine eyes towards Caroline, with a look far more expressive than words; and, tenderly taking the hands of both ladies, he added, "thus let me at once implore and seal my pardon."

"And how will you obtain mine, for all the trouble you have occasioned me?" inquired the captain: "for I have been in pursuit of you until within this half hour."—"I am certain of obtaining it," replied Sir Frederick, "when I have candidly stated the cause of my absence; which I will do, after breakfast, if you will indulge me with an hour's conversation."

Captain Legoxton most readily complied with the proposal; and the party retired to their separate apartments.—Sleep, however, was a stranger to the eyes of Caroline; for the events of the evening had revealed a secret which she had been fearful of acknowledging to herself.—She could no longer doubt her attachment to Sir Frederick Montgomery; and her mind was tortured by the apprehension of his having a prior attachment.—Yet his pointed attentions to her had been blended with such an air of tenderness, that could never proceed from common civility.—"Still, what should prevent him from disclosing his partiality, if he really felt any for her?"—In thoughts of this nature Caroline passed the hours until breakfast, perplexed likewise with a thousand conjectures of what the secret could be, which Sir Frederick had promised to reveal to her brother on that memorable day.—Fortunately Mrs Legoxton had confined her suspicions respecting the domino being the occasion of her brother's sudden departure; or the pangs of jealousy might have been added to the pain of suspense.

Upon entering the breakfast-parlour, Caroline observed her brother's attention deeply engaged upon a letter.—"I was just going to request your presence, my dearest Caroline," said Captain Legoxton, conducting her to a sofa, and seating himself by her.—"You must inform me in what manner I am to answer this flattering epistle," he continued, at the same time presenting the one he had just read. "Lord

William Beauclerk does you the honor, my dearest Caroline, of soliciting your hand."

A sudden faintness overspread Caroline; and she was totally unable to make any reply.—With trembling hands she took the letter, and read the following words—

"My dear Legoxton,

"A letter, which I have this moment received from my father, has filled my bosom with sensations too ecstatic to describe: for it gives me permission to address you upon a subject on which depends the future happiness of my life.

"That I love your charming sister, my every action must have testified; though, betrothed as I then considered myself to another, I dared not venture to disclose the ardency of my feelings. But, thanks to my good stars! my affianced helpmate has thought proper to select a different partner for life.—During childhood, our parents entered into this injudicious engagement for us; and I, being totally dependent upon mine, was compelled to bow submissively to his decree. In short, until I beheld your lovely sister, I thought I could have been happy with Lady Charlotte C***. About three weeks back, I heard of the flirtation which her ladyship was carrying on with Colonel Montjoy; in consequence of which, I wrote to my father, avowing the real state of my heart, and imploring him to allow me to give my affianced bride permission to bestow her hand upon the man whom she evidently preferred.—To this epistle I received an answer informing me His Grace had likewise heard of Lady Charlotte's apparent partiality for the colonel, but forbidding me, upon pain of his displeasure, to adopt the plan I proposed; and concluding by saying, if the report which was universally circulated had any serious foundation, I had his permission to offer my hand to Miss Legoxton.

"One circumstance, however, my dear Legoxton, checks the transport I shall experience from the account of Lady Charlotte's marriage; for, from what passed at the masquerade, I cannot help fearing Montgomery is not totally indifferent to Miss Legoxton.—Though I know Sir Frederick to be your friend, yet I consider him as a despicable character—Start not, my dear Legoxton, at so harsh an epithet; for, while offering homage to the charms of your lovely sister, I know he is under a positive engagement of marriage. Yes, my dear friend, so binding is the contract, that, in case of refusal on his part, he must resign the whole of his fortune.—Think not, my friend, that this is mere assertion: for I assure you on my honor, I have had positive proof; I have actually seen the promise of marriage which he gave Lady Gertrude Montravers.

"Allow me then to say, that, should I have the power of inspiring your charming sister with some portion of that affection which glows with such ardor in my breast, every moment of my life shall be devoted to evincing my tenderness, and promoting her happiness.

"The irreconcilable disagreement, which has taken place between my father and elder brother, has induced him to bestow upon me the personal property, which would otherwise have been given to the heir; therefore, my dear Legoxton, I shall have the happiness of making a settlement of two thousand a year upon your sister.—I do not mention this circumstance from an idea that fortune would be the chief object with a man of such liberal sentiments; yet I conceive it a ne-

cessary ingredient towards individual happiness, and doubly valuable from its affording the means of contributing to the relief of the unfortunate.

"It was not merely the charms of your sister's person, my dear Legoxton, that attracted my affection, though I allow them to be transcendent: but it was that sweetness of disposition, and that entire rectitude of principle, which in so many instances I have seen her evince; and blest must be the man who obtains such an inestimable treasure—yes, my friend, blest beyond the common lot of mortals!

"The uncertainty which I feel at the present moment, is more painful than it is in the power of language to express: I must therefore implore you to communicate the subject of this letter to your amiable sister, that I may not long linger under the torture of suspense.—Oh! my friend! may your reply prove propitious, is the ardent prayer of your devoted

"BEAUCLERK."

With difficulty the agitated Caroline perused this flattering testimony of admiration and affection; for the certainty of Sir Frederick Montgomery's attachment to another was a death-stroke to her peace; and scarcely had she concluded the epistle, when she burst into a flood of grief.

"Whence this unneccessary agitation, my dear Caroline?" inquired Captain Legoxton. "No imperious authority will compel you to receive Lord William Beauclerk as your future husband. Had you regarded him with preference, I confess I should have been gratified, not from attaching any consequence to his title, but from admiring his principles.—But, when our respected father, in his dying moments, committed you to my protecting care, he impressively implored you to let me be the depositary of every secret, and the only confidant whom you should consult in every important affair.—And have you, Caroline, permit me to ask, obeyed this sacred injunction? have you not concealed from your attached brother the real state of your heart? for, though I am master of its secret impressions, I have not my sister's ingenuousness to thank."

"Spare me, my dearest brother!" exclaimed the still more agitated Caroline, hiding her blushing countenance on his breast. "How, dearest Henry, could I reveal to you a secret, which, until last night, was unknown to myself? But I will conquer this unfortunate prepossession; I will endeavour to banish the image of Sir Frederick Montgomery from my breast.—Yet why should I condemn him? what fault has he committed? none, but that of being too exquisitely amiable."

"Pardon me, Caroline," replied Captain Legoxton, in a grave and dignified tone of voice. "He has unwarrantably endeavoured to attract an artless girl's affection, whom he knew it was impossible ever to make his wife.—To me he must account for this unpardonable mode of conduct: to me he must make reparation for the destruction of your peace. The daughter and sister of a British soldier, my Caroline, is not a fit object for unmeaning flirtation or sportive gallantry."

"In mercy, talk not thus, my beloved brother!" exclaimed Caroline, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely eyes.—"Sir Frederick Montgomery, I assure you on my sacred honor, never mentioned the theme of love to me in his life."

"No, my unsuspicious girl! he is too great an adept in simulation, to

commit himself by avowing a passion, which your brother might call upon him to prove: but has he not, by ten thousand marks of tender solicitude, given you reason to believe you were dear to his heart?—Yes, Caroline, they were so strong, that they carried conviction with them; and I daily expected to find him your declared lover."

While Caroline was vainly endeavouring to palliate Sir Frederick's conduct, and Captain Legoxton was condemning it with the severity he thought it deserved, the door opened; and he entered, wholly unsuspicious of having been the subject of conversation.—To the usual civilities of the morning, Captain Legoxton made no other answer, than that of a slight inclination of the head.—"Are you ill, my dear Legoxton? inquired Sir Frederick, with a mixture of softness and astonishment in the tone of his voice. —"Ill at ease, sir; and I must apply to you as physician, if you will be kind enough to walk into the library."—So saying, he quitted the breakfast-parlour, followed by the astonished baronet.

Terror and apprehension so completely overpowered Caroline's faculties, that, for some minutes, she was wholly un-able to move; but, at length rousing from the torpor of wretchedness which had overspread her, she ran up into Mrs. Legoxton's dressing-room, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, go into the library! Oh Sir Frederick! Oh my brother!"—scarcely had her tongue given utterance to these agitated exclamations, when she dropped senseless on the floor. The terrified Mrs. Legoxton merely staid to assist a servant to raise her, when with trembling steps she hastened down stairs. Before she reached the library, Sir Frederick had in great measure exculpated himself; and Captain Legoxton was calmly listening to a detailed account of his whole acquaintance with Lady Gertrude, when the door burst suddenly open, and the terrified Mrs. Legoxton exclaimed, "In mercy, tell me, what you are going to do?"

"My dearest life! whence this apprehension?" inquired the captain, pressing the beloved object of his affection in his arms, and soothing the perturbation of her spirits, by the most tender expressions of sympathy and regard.—Assured of her husband's and brother's safety and reconciliation, the idea of Caroline's situation instantly occurred; and she hastened back to her dressing-room, to relieve the agitated state of the amiable girl's heart.

Sir Frederick Montgomery resumed his narrative, and faithfully related every circumstance that had occurred; disclosed the ardency of his affection for Miss Legoxton, and implored her brother to advise him in what manner he ought to act towards Lady Gertrude.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 509.)

THE morning Zephyr announced a serene day. The powerful coursers, shaking their flowing manes, drew with increasing rapidity the resounding car.—Rhodopè and her mistress were a prey to overwhelming melancholy: the unfortunate Sappho appeared totally insensible to surrounding objects. They still pressed forward, and soon arrived near the port of Mitylenè, where they detained the car, until the moment when a vessel appeared ready to sail for Sicily. They agreed with the pilot for the voyage, and immediately embarked. A favorable breeze arose: Aurora scattered roses o'er

the path of the sun, whose splendor was reflected on the waves, gently ruffled by the soothing breath of the winds. The moon languished at the first rays of Phœbus :—their voyage commenced under the happiest auspices ; and the ship flew on the surface of the formidable ocean, swift as the swallow through the etherial plain.

The sun now gilds the summits of the highest hills ; and streams of light fill the vast expanse.—Scamandronymus awoke from a sound sleep, and, according to his usual custom, came to inhale the fresh air under the delicious shades of his garden. He beheld with anger and astonishment the traces of the wheels of a car, and of the hoofs of horses ; he called to his slaves, "Who has dared to destroy the beauty of these walks ?" The slaves hear his reproaches in silence—but the fatal mystery was immediately explained by the return of the conductor of the car.—Scamandronymus would have sacrificed him in the first transports of his rage, as the accomplice of his daughter's flight ; but Cleïs, hastily interposing, remarked, that the return of the slave was a complete proof of his innocence.

The old man suppressed with difficulty the fury of his passion, and listened to the details of the journey, which were no sooner ended, than he dispatched his slaves to the port of Mitylenè, and in pursuit of Sappho.

Neither the grief of Menelāus, when he learned the flight of his faithless consort, and swore to pursue the perfidious ravisher—nor the rage of the son of Peleus, celebrated in immortal verse—could equal the cruel despair of Scamandronymus on this day of mourning and sorrow. Yet, if he had ever interposed the dictates of paternal authority, or, if he had ever expostulated with just severity, he would have found, not a subject of consolation, but an explanation of this disgraceful flight ; but, having always counseled his daughter with the voice of consoling friendship, her secret departure announced a mind enfranchised from all sense of honor and decorum, with a corrupted heart, ready to break through all the barriers of virgin modesty. The unfortunate father lamented his credulity and misplaced confidence—he embraced the altars of the household gods, and was on the point of cursing the ungrateful Sappho, and consigning her to the avenging Furies, if the good-natured Cleïs had not interfered, and, without the aid of studied eloquence, but with the language of sentiment and pity, calmed the transports of his fury. She invoked the tender influence of the nuptial tie, the laws of humanity, the goodness of the gods, whose benevolence we ought to imitate : she expatiated on the frailty of human nature, and how readily we ought to forgive the excess of a passion, whose imperious sway leaves us no longer masters of our will.

The house resounded with the cries of the females, who lamented the loss of their mistress : the slaves returned in gloomy melancholy to their occupations ; and the aged lifted up their hands to heaven, and implored the protection of the gods for the unfortunate Sappho. Dorilla invoked all the powers of heaven and earth to conceal from the knowledge of mankind the opprobrious departure of her sister. Cleïs endeavoured to console both her husband and Dorilla.—This once happy mansion, whose joy and confidence had long reigned undisturbed, now re-echoes with the accents

of grief, lamentation, and despair.

A propitious wind swelled the sails of the vessel, which lightly furrowed the surface of the deep. The eyes of Sappho were steadfastly fixed on the shore; and she sighed when her imagination presented the desolation of her afflicted family. As long as the summits of the temples and towers of Mitylenè were visible, she could not avert from them her eyes, bathed in constant tears:—but, when the shore disappeared altogether—when she could perceive nothing but the immensity of the heavens and the expanse of the sea—she covered herself with her mantle, and committed her destiny to the will of fortune.

Oh love! how cruel is thy caprice! thy irresistible tyranny leads us astray even in the tracks of the object of our pursuit. The wind which wafts the unhappy Sappho, even in serving her, conspired against her wishes:—it had just driven Phaon from his course, who had embarked but a few hours before her arrival at Mitylenè. Arising from the shores of Afric, it became a dreadful tempest; and his ship was now far from the coast of Sicily, towards which Sappho sailed in peaceful tranquillity. Was it pity in the gods to save her from the storm? Alas! no! To be separated from Phaon was more dreadful to her mind, than the fear of shipwreck. For two days and two nights, the vessel pursued her tranquil course on the foaming waves: on the morning of the third, at a distance, under the obscure horizon they faintly descried the coast; and, as they continued to approach, they had a glimpse of land with the last rays of the setting sun.

On the following day, the crew returned thanks to the gods for their protection during the voyage, and exclaimed with transports of joy, "Sicily! Sicily!" They saw in awful majesty the loft summit of Ætna enveloped in clouds of flame and smoke, which the mariners can distinguish at an immense distance. Sappho fixed her eyes steadfastly on the shore, where she expects not only to see Phaon, but to excite his tender regard.—The roaring of the Volcano became more distinctly heard; and they perceived the black fragments of rocks which it hurls towards heaven from its fiery crater.—The pilot directed the prow to the shore: a tranquil bay received the vessel, whose sails were lowered; and they slowly approached the beach—like the bird, which, having traversed the wide extent of the seas, exhausted with the length of the journey, descends with less rapid wing through the etherial plain. They cast anchor; and, having landed, they first returned thanks to the gods who protect navigation, and then resign their wearied limbs to rest.—Sappho immediately paid the stipulated price to the pilot.

A cave appeared at a short distance from the shore, whose verdant turf seemed to invite the passenger to repose. Wearied and exhausted by the motion of the ship and the agitation of her mind, Sappho did not feel that soft languor which irresistibly invites the charms of sleep: yet, oppressed by an overpowering lethargy, she gently sunk on the soft verdure of the grotto; and at length her eye-lids closed, which had been so long fatigued by watchful anxiety. Rhodopè and Clitus, after having shared her pains, resign themselves to the same all-powerful influence.—Sweet sleep! tranquil anticipation of death! thou pourest into our bosoms the oblivion of the pains which are sown in the thorny paths of life: in pity, bring some relief to the torments of

Sappho. Alas! they will return to-morrow with redoubled anguish.

He who has known the sorrows of the heart, who has lost the friend of his soul, or who has been betrayed by a treacherous mistress, knows how dreadful it is to awake. When Sappho opened her eyes, she examined with doubt and surprise the depth of the cave, and the wide extent of the seas. and then feeling the cruel certainty of her distress, she arose with wild precipitation, and exclaimed, "Slaves, why do ye delay, where are the horses? Let us depart! I will explore the deserts, the caverns, the rocks, and the forests of the island. No danger shall delay or impede my progress; for my heart is as intrepid as it is unfortunate." As she spoke, her eyes were constantly fixed on the ocean; for in the distance appeared the uncertain form of a vessel, which engaged her whole attention. Near to the cave, arose a steep promontory, to which she instantly ran; and, sustained by the force of passion, she fearlessly ascended to the summit, where, exhausted with fatigue, she reposed, commanding with a look the vast immensity of the waves, like the greedy kite on the lofty top of Caucasus.

Un-able to follow her mistress, Rhodopè remained with the baggage, while Clitus went to procure horses to continue their journey. The wind shook the trees on the shore, and gently ruffled the surface of the ocean: it played in the hair and garments of Sappho, whose eyes were still intently fixed on the distant object.—It gradually became more distinct, in its approach; and a white sail was distinguished in the rays of the sun. The passengers were soon perceived, like confused shadows: the color of their clothes became distinctly visible, as well as their attitudes and their number. Sappho raised herself on tip-toe, as if the summit of the rock was not sufficiently exalted, and endeavoured to discern the features of the first who touched the shore. She saw that he was not a stranger, but an inhabitant of the island, whose vessel had just made an excursion on the seas.—What strengthened this conjecture, was, that the crew brought nothing from the ship. To obtain hospitality, or rather to learn some tidings of Phaon, she descended the promontory at his approach, and directed her steps towards him.

(To be continued.)

The Sack *of* Delhi, *by Nahir Shah.*

In the year 1737, a party of discontented nobles at the Mogul court, having conspired to overturn the government of their sovereign Mahommed Shah, invited Nadir Shah, the recent usurper of the Persian throne, to invade their master's dominions. That adventurer accordingly set out on the expedition at the head of a numerous body of hardy and well-disciplined troops, and, after a series of victories, at length arrived within a short distance of Delhi, the capital of the Mogul empire. Here he defeated Mahommed's grand army—his last remaining hope—and, having closely blockaded him in his camp, reduced him to the mortifying necessity of spontaneously resigning his sceptre to the conqueror, as the only expedient by which he could escape the dreadful alternative of perishing by famine or the sword. The particulars of the military transactions, and of Nadir's triumphant entry into Delhi, are detailed in Mr. Maurice's interesting history of modern Hindostan, from which we present to our fair readers the following melancholy description of the con-

sequences, in that gentleman's own words.

On Saturday the 10th of March [1739] the sun entered Aries—That sun, which had often witnessed the un-equaled pomp, the unrivaled glory of the House of Timur, now beheld the usurper of the throne of the Sefi's, sitting on the imperial musnud [*throne*] of India, and receiving extorted offerings of inestimable value from her degraded emperor and her prostrate nobility. These presents, together with the treasures found in the subterraneous vaults of the palace, hoarded up since the reign of the magnificent Shah Jehan, and sealed with the seal of the empire, and the peacock throne, and nine others of inferior lustre and value, amounted, by the lowest computation, to thirty-five millions sterling. Of gold and silver plate, which he melted down and coined, the amount exceeded five millions; of utensils set with jewels, and of jewels unset, five millions more. In the richest brocades and stuffs of Indian manufacture he received the value of two millions; in horse and elephant caparisons, adorned with gold and gems, three millions; in all, fifty millions sterling! A more general and complete depredation was never committed by any imperial robber in ancient or modern times.

Enormous, however, as was this amount, that robber was by no means satisfied with it, but gave orders for laying a *peishcush* [a tribute] of eight millions more upon the merchants and inhabitants of the opulent city of Delhi. In raising this additional sum, the most severe cruelties were exercised; and many of them died under the extreme tortures inflicted upon them by those appointed to collect it. Many also of the higher order of nobles, who were supposed to have not made offerings proportionate to their immense fortunes, were called upon for additional sacrifices.......... Persons the most venerable for age and virtue were not spared, and some were assessed double what they were able to pay. The severity of these exactions irritated the populace to madness; tumultuous insurrection in many places was the result; and resistance was made, wheresoever it could be made with effect. To these calamities, succeeded the more dreadful one of famine, occasioned by the increased multitudes of men and horses that inundated the province of Delhi. An attempt of the Persian commander of Delhi, to regulate the price of wheat at the public granaries, caused the spark, which was already kindled, to burst forth into a flame, which was only to be quenched by the blood of 100,000 of its inhabitants. Fraser states the first commotion to have taken place about noon; that it was considerably increased towards evening; that, after sunset, some persons having reported that Nadir was taken prisoner, and others that he was poisoned, the mob and tumult exceeded all bounds; and all the idle and disaffected of that great city, joining from all quarters, with such implements of destruction as they could most readily procure, rushed in a torrent towards the castle, devoting to death every foreigner they met, and breathing vengeance against the invaders of their country. Of the external guard a considerable portion was instantly sacrificed to their fury, and the remainder sought safety in flight.

On the first tidings of these commotions, Nadir, firm and collected in every difficulty, had dispatched couriers on fleet horses to his gene-

ral in chief, Thamas Khan, who, with the rest of the army, was encamped without the walls, with orders to commence his march, with 30,000 horse, immediately for the capital; and the vanguard of that army shortly after arriving, soon routed, with immense slaughter, the infuriated populace that surrounded and threatened to storm the citadel. In a few hours after, the whole of this formidable body entered the city; and Nadir, thus re-inforced, at midnight marched out of the castle at their head, to crush the insurrection. Inflamed with high resentment against the faithless Delhians, but ignorant of the full extent and magnitude of the evil, he intrepidly led them on towards the great mosque of Roshin al Dowlat, which stands in the centre of the city, and there took his station. All was raging tumult and distraction around him: but he remained firm and unmoved, acting solely on the defensive, and waiting for the break of dawn, to let loose his vengeance on the devoted city. The morning, big with the fate of Delhi, at length arose, and discovered to him heaps of his Persian soldiers weltering in their blood. An awful, momentous pause ensued; and, during that pause, a pistol was discharged at him from a neighbouring terrace, the ball of which missed him, but killed an officer standing close at his side. He immediately ordered a general massacre to commence from that very spot. His squadrons of horse, instantly pouring through the streets, put every one, without distinction, aged and young, women and children, to death. His foot soldiers at the same time, mounting the walls and terraces, consigned to the same fate every soul they found upon them. The love of spoil, and the thirst of blood, equally operating on those barbarians, all the bazars of the jewelers, and houses of the rich citizens in that quarter, were first plundered, and then set on fire. Fearful of the violation of their women, many of the higher rank of Indians collected together their females and their treasures, and then setting fire to their apartments, consumed themselves in one general conflagration. From the same dread, thousands of women plunged headlong into tanks and wells. In every imaginable form of horror,

> DEATH stalk'd at large
> Through all the streets of that vast capital,
> And seem'd to reign upon the throne of Delhi.

During this dreadful carnage, the king of Persia continued in the mosque of Roshin al Dowlat. His countenance is said to have been dark and terrible, and that, during the paroxysm of his rage, none but slaves dared to approach him. At length the unfortunate emperor of India, attended by the principal Omrahs, with sorrowing looks, and eyes fixed on the ground, ventured to draw near, and intercede for the half-ruined city and surviving inhabitants. For a time he was obdurate; at length the sternness of his countenance relaxed; and, sheathing his sword, he said, "For the sake of the prince Mahommed, I forgive." The joyful tidings of his wrath appeased were immediately, by sound of trumpet, conveyed through the city, and the work of destruction as instantly ceased. Between the issuing of the bloody mandate at sun-rise and two o'clock in the afternoon, 100,000 Delhians of all ages were inhumanly butchered. The tyrant then retired into the citadel; and inquiry being made into the origin of the tumult, several Indians of distinguished rank were seised, as the secret abettors of the insurrection, and their execu-

tion closed the scene of desolation and carnage. The once beautiful city of Delhi, in the mean time, exhibited a most dismal spectacle, the great streets being filled with the ruins of fallen palaces and houses consumed by the fire; and the smaller streets and passages being absolutely choaked up with the multitude of putrefying carcases. To avoid the danger of pestilence, both Persians and natives were for some days employed in removing the bodies of the dead: those of the Indians were heaped up in vast piles, and burned in the rubbish of the ruined houses, and those of foreigners were buried promiscuously in pits, or thrown into the Jumna.

On the 7th of May, Nadir commenced his march for Persia. . . .His exit from Hindostan was marked by the same dreadful scenes of devastation, as his ingress; and of the immense wealth which he carried out of it, a great portion is said to have been buried in the Indus, owing to the bridge of boats, which he had thrown over it, being carried away by the rapidity of the stream, and, with it, many of the animals that were loaded with treasure.—On the banks of that river, a new and almost incredible instance of his insatiable avarice is related by Khojeh Abdulkurreen, a Cashmirian nobleman in his train, and is deserving of notice, because it marks the absolute controul of this great conqueror over the soldiers who fought under his banners, many of them perhaps not less avaricious or eager for diamonds than himself. Two jewels of inestimable value, that had adorned the turban of the Mogul, being missing from the royal treasury, a search was ordered to be made for them among the baggage of the army. That search not being successful, Nadir issued a decree, challenging all precious stones whatever, taken in the plunder of Hindostan, as his property, and ordering all the treasures of that kind, under penalty of death, to be brought into the treasury. But this was not sufficient: officers were placed at the ferry to examine all persons before they passed the river; and, if any valuable jewels were discovered upon them, to seise and send them to the royal repository. Upon the publication of this order, some of the soldiers came of themselves, and delivered up the jewels they had got in plunder; and these were rewarded with dresses and other presents. From others were taken what they had concealed in the packs and saddles of their horses, camels, or mules. Some buried their stores in the ground, hoping, that, after the search was over, they might be able to return and dig them up again: but, from the strict orders of Nadir Shah, which were punctually obeyed, it was impossible for any one to recross the river; and thus the treasure remained in the bowels of its parent earth. Others, out of rage and indignation, threw into the river whatever they had concealed*.

Notices of the State of LITERATURE *in* RUSSIA.

(From Dr. Clarke's Travels.)

THE booksellers' shops in Moscow are better furnished than in Petersburg; but they are very rarely placed on a ground-floor. The convenience of walking into a shop from the street, without climbing a flight of stairs, is almost peculiar to England; though there are some exceptions, as in the Palais Royal at Paris, and in a few houses at Vienna. A catalogue of Russian authors in some of the shops fills an octavo volume

---

* The missing stones were afterwards found among the confiscated effects of a general officer put to death by his order.

of two hundred pages. French, Italian, German, and English books, would be as numerous here as in any other city, were it not for the ravages of the public censors, who prohibit the sale of books from their own ignorant misconception of their contents. Sometimes a single volume, nay a single page, of an author is prohibited, and the rest of the work, thus mangled, permitted to be sold. There is hardly a single modern work which has not been subject to their correction. The number of prohibited books is such, that the trade is ruined. Contraband publications are often smuggled; but the danger is so great, that all the respectable booksellers leave the trade to persons, either more daring, or who, from exercising other occupations, are less liable to suspicion.

Yet there are circumstances arising from the state of public affairs in the two cities, which gives a superiority to the booksellers of Moscow. In and near the city reside a vast number of Russian nobility. A foreigner might live many years there, without even hearing the names of some of them; whereas at Petersburg a few only are found, who all belong to the court, and are therefore all known. The nobles of Moscow have, many of them, formerly figured in the presence of their sovereign, and have been ordered to reside in that city, or they have passed their youth in foreign travel, and have withdrawn to their seats in its environs. Many of these have magnificent libraries; and as the amusement of collecting, rather than the pleasure of reading books, has been the reason of their forming those sumptuous collections, the booksellers receive orders to a very large amount*. When a Russian nobleman reads, which is very rare, it is commonly a novel; either some licentious trash in French, or some English romance translated into that language. Of the latter, "The Italian" of Mrs. Radcliffe has been better done than any other; because, representing customs which are not absolutely local, it admits of easier transition into any other European tongue. But when they attempt to translate Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, or any of those inimitable original pictures of English manners, the effect is ridiculous beyond description. Squire Weston becomes a French philosopher, and Goldsmith's Primrose a *Fleur-de-Lis*.

Books of real literary reputation are not to be obtained either in Petersburg or Moscow. Productions of other days, which from their importance in science have become rare, are never to be found. Costly and frivolous volumes, sumptuously bound, and most gorgeously decorated, constitute the precious part of a library, in Russian estimation. Gaudy French editions of Fontenelle, of Marmontel, of Italian sonneteers, with English folios of butterflies, shells, and flowers; editions by Baskerville, Bensley, and Bulmer, with hot-pressed and wire-wove paper; in short, the toys rather than the instruments of science attract the notice of all the Russian amateurs. A magnificent library in Russia, on which immense sums have been expended, will be found to contain very little of useful literature. In vain, among their stately collections, smelling like a tannery of the leather which bears their name, may we seek for classic authors, historians, law-givers, and poets. A copy of the Encyclopædia,

* These orders are sometimes given in the style related of one of the late empresses favorites, who sent for a bookseller, and said, "*Fit me up a handsome library —little books above, and great ones below.*"

placed more for ostentation than for use, may perhaps, in a solitary instance or two, greet the eye, as the only estimable work throughout their gilded shelves.

Man *and* Wife.

(*From Mr. Warner's "Scripture-Characters."*)

When God had formed the external world, and furnished it with the lower orders of life, he created man after his own image, and made him lord of the wide and goodly inheritance. Still, however, his purpose was not completed. He knew that it was not good for man to be alone: he had implanted sympathies and affections in his bosom, which demanded the society of a reasonable creature like himself, with whom he might reciprocate kindness, and enjoy the tender intercourse of sentiment and love. He therefore made him an help meet for him; a being exactly adapted to his wants and wishes; whose delicacy of form precluded the idea of contest or rivalship in the dominion with which man was invested; and whose tenderness of nature was every way calculated to mingle with the sterner features of his character, to attract his love, engage his protection, and thus ensure the same harmony and beauty in the moral creation, as were visible in the material one. Man, it is true, in the words of the incomparable Milton,

> "Understood, in the prime end
> Of nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
> And inward faculties, which most excel;
> In outward also, her resembling less
> His image, who made both, and less expressing
> The character of that dominion given
> O'er other creatures:"

but he was still sensible of an influence that she exerted over him, more powerful than any which greater strength of form, or superiority of understanding, could have produced; in the attractive delicacy of her mind, in the tenderness of her heart, in the modesty of her deportment, and the sanctity of her manners. When man transgressed, indeed, a sad falling off took place in both their characters; but, though their respective excellencies were obscured and diminished by the fatal event, yet the qualities proper to each sex continued to be the same; the peculiar attributes of women were as distinct as before; and the duties by which she was to recommend herself to her Maker, and the attractions by which she was to engage the esteem, respect, and attachment of man, remained unaltered. The gentle virtues were still her proper characteristics: her modesty was to allure, and her tenderness to confirm, the love of the sterner and the rougher sex; whilst piety, embodied in her fair form, and recommended by her captivating example, was to present itself with irresistible fascination to the notice of man, and be urged upon his understanding through the medium of his heart. Such originally were, and such eternally will be, the appropriate qualities of women; and she who neglects, despises, or throws them aside; who assumes opposite dispositions, and deviates into other paths; will mar the end of her creation, and, while she displeases her Maker, will repel, disgust, and alienate the love of man. Away then with those idle systems, which would confound the duties of the sexes; that would take woman from her proper sphere, and lift her into situations for which she was not intended. Her department in social life is intimated by nature in the delicacy of her form, and defined by God in his revealed word; and for her to attempt to counteract these manifest designations, is to rebel against both, to disorder and

unhinge the natural as well as moral harmony of the world. It was this just and reasonable view of the nature and duties of the different sexes, that suggested to our immortal poet that beautiful personal and mental picture of the human race, in their primeval state, which he has given us in the following lines.

"In their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial wisdom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
He for GOD only, she for GOD in him."

But, if the qualities which I have enumerated be generally requisite in the character of the female, they are more especially so, when she enters into the holy connexion of wedlock. It is of immense importance to the happiness of the rational world, that the appropriate duties of the husband and the wife be rigidly and conscientiously fulfilled; for, as their performance ensures the purest and most solid bliss that this world of sorrow can afford, "the only happiness of Paradise that has survived the fall;" so their neglect introduces into the cup of life a bitter poisonous drop, of the most deadly taste, and lasting influence. Indisputable is the truth, that each is bound to co-operate with the other, in drawing tight that bond of union which has connected them together for life; that they are mutually obliged to increase, by every means in my power, the stock of conjugal felicity. But, as domestic life is more especially the proper province of the wife; as she is constituted by nature, and commanded by GOD, to exercise those gentler virtues which have a peculiar reference to home, and a direct tendency to render it the scene of happiness and peace; so her obligation to manifest in her conduct the feminine graces of modesty, tenderness, and piety, presses upon her with peculiar force.

Entirely and exclusively the precious possession of her husband, her thoughts must not wander abroad for other conquests, or foreign admiration. Ill does it become her who has solemnly pledged herself to one, to seek, by the arts of coquetry or levity, to attract or captivate the many; to court the public gaze, to be the theme of general conversation, or the object of particular remark. The sacrifice of a matron's modesty may indeed purchase the admiration of the coxcomb, or the flattery of the villain; but transient will be her triumph, and worthless her reward, if for this she have given up the favor of her Maker, and the esteem and affection of her husband. Equally incumbent is it upon her to cherish in her bosom, and to exercise in her behaviour, the grace of tenderness; a sweet solicitude to soothe cares, and tranquillise the perturbations, of the companion of her bosom; and to perform those thousand endearing offices, to her infant offspring, which maternal love alone can properly fulfil. Oh! who can speak the value of this female quality in domestic life? It is the precious cement of its happiness; the support of all its charities: whose absence no external circumstance can recompense or supply. Fashion, splendor, and pleasure, may load the married fair one with all they can bestow; but their accumulated gifts will leave a gloomy vacuity in her heart, if her chief so-

lace, refuge, and delight, be not in the tranquil joys and tender offices of home. Finally, the quality of piety must crown and consummate the character of the exemplary wife. It is essential indeed in every human being; but, in the domestic circle, (if we measure its necessity by its influence) it is more especially incumbent upon her, whose presence is most frequent and conspicuous there. Who can tell the power of a wife's religious example, in converting an unbelieving, reclaiming a profligate, or fixing an inconstant husband? It seems hardly possible to imagine, that vice should not surrender itself to virtue, when clothed in the attractive form of female loveliness, and seconded by modesty, tenderness, and affection; but, should its brutal insensibility be still deaf to the voice of the charmer, she has yet a cause upon her hands of unspeakable importance, which imperiously demands the exercise of female piety—the cause of her children. Nature and custom have entrusted to her the charge of their early education; and if the principles of religion be not instilled into their tender minds by her care, and confirmed by her example, they will grow up without God in the world; they will pass through life without the blessing of Providence; and, when they are translated from it, will have to attribute their everlasting ruin (O horrid thought!) to their mother. There is a religion of the home, my fair friends, as well as a public worship of God; a religion, over which the wife must preside; whose altar she must serve; whose sacrifices she must superintend; and, as the most fatal consequences will follow her omission of it, so the sorest retribution will punish its neglect.

The Bang-Eater *and his* Wife;

(From Dr. Scott's Appendix to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments.")

There lived formerly, near Bagdad, a half-witted fellow, who was much addicted to the use of bang*. Being reduced to poverty, he was obliged to sell his stock. One day he went to the market to dispose of a cow; but the animal being in bad order, no one would bid for it; and, after waiting till he was weary, he returned homewards. On the way he stopped to repose himself under a tree, and tied the cow to one of the branches while he ate some bread, and drank of an infusion of his be-

* Bang is a decoction of pounded hemp-leaves, and opium in its coarsest preparation, called in Syria *birs*. The following attestation of its effects will show that this tale does not outrage probability in the incidents.—"The grandees sometimes divert themselves with persons of inferior rank, who happen to be immoderately addicted to opium. I have seen a noted opium-eater at the house of the mohassil (farmer of the customs) of Aleppo, who, after a full dose of *birs*, creating himself a bashaw, indulged in all the luxury of his situation. He placed himself in a corner of the divan; talked familiarly with the master of the house; entered into a detail of ideal business; ordered persons brought before him to be drubbed or imprisoned; disgraced some of the officers in waiting, and appointed others. In the midst of all these extravagancies, a page, who had been instructed beforehand, getting up behind him unperceived, made a loud and sudden clatter with the window-shutter: in a moment the enchantment was dissolved; the unfortunate bashaw was seised with universal tremulation; his pipe fell from his hand, and awaking at once to the horror of his condition, he fled to his birs, as his only resource under such a reverse of fortune." (Russell's History of Aleppo.)—The doctor further informs us, that persons immoderately addicted to birs soon become infirm, lose their appetite and memory, by degrees their other faculties, grow old before the natural period, and sink miserably into an untimely grave.

loved bang, which he always carried with him. In a short time it began to operate, so as to bereave him of the little sense he possessed, and his head was filled with ridiculous reveries. While he was musing, a bird called *am koweek* beginning to chatter from her nest in the tree, he fancied it was a human voice, and that some woman had asked to purchase his cow: upon which, he said, "Reverend mother of Soleymaun, dost thou wish to buy my cow?" The bird croaked again. "Well," replied he, "what wilt thou give? I will sell her a bargain." The bird repeated her croak. "Never mind," said the foolish fellow; "for, though thou hast forgotten to bring thy purse, yet, as I dare say thou art an honest woman, and hast bidden me ten deenars, I will trust thee with the cow, and call on Friday for the money." The bird renewed her croaking, which he fancied to be thanks for his confidence; so leaving the cow tied to the branch of the tree, he returned home, exulting in the good bargain he had made for the animal.

When he entered the house, his wife inquired what he had gotten for the cow; to which he replied, that he had sold her to an honest womam named Am Soleymaun, who had promised to pay him on the next Friday ten pieces of gold. The wife was contented; and, when Friday arrived, her idiot of a husband having, as usual, taken a dose of bang, repaired to the tree, and hearing the bird chattering, as before, said, "Well, my good mother, hast thou brought the gold?" The bird croaked. Supposing the imaginary woman refused to pay him, he became angry, and threw up his spade, which frightening the bird, it flew from the nest, and alighted on a heap of soil at some distance. He fancied that Am Soleymaun had desired him to take his money from the heap, into which he dug with his spade, and found a brazen vessel full of gold coin. This discovery convinced him he was right, and being, notwithstanding his weakness, naturally honest, he only took ten pieces; then replacing the soil, said, "May Allah requite thee for thy punctuality, good mother!" and returned to his wife, to whom he gave the money, informing her at the same time of the great treasure his friend Am Soleymaun possessed, and where it was concealed. The wife waited till night, when she went and brought away the pot of gold; which her husband observing, said, "It is dishonest to rob one who has paid us so punctually; and, if thou dost not return it to its place, I will inform the walee" (officer of the police.)

The wife laughed at his folly; but fearing the ill consequences of his executing his threat, she planned a stratagem, to prevent them. Going to the market, she purchased some broiled meat and fish ready dressed, which she brought privately home, and concealed in the house. At night, the husband, having regaled himself with his beloved bang, retired to sleep off his intoxication; but about midnight she strewed the provisions she had brought at the door, and awakening her partner, cried out, in pretended astonishment, "Dear husband, a most wonderful phænomenon has occurred; there has been a violent storm while you slept; and, strange to tell, it has rained pieces of broiled meat and fish, which now lie at the door!" The husband, still in a state of stupefaction from the bang, got up, went to the door, and seeing the provisions, was persuaded of the truth of his wife's story. The fish and flesh were gathered up; and he partook with

much glee of the miraculous treat; but he still threatened to inform the walee of her having stolen the treasure of the good old woman Am Soleymaun.

In the morning the foolish bang-eater actually repaired to the walee, and informed him that his wife had stolen a pot of gold, which she had still in her possession. The walee upon this apprehended the woman, who denied the accusation; when she was threatened with death. She then said, "My lord, the power is in your hands; but I am an injured woman, as you will find by questioning my unfortunate husband, who, alas! is deranged in his intellects. Ask him when I committed the theft." The walee did so; to which he replied, "It was on the evening of that night on which it rained broiled flesh and fish ready dressed."—"Wretch!" exclaimed the walee, "dost thou dare to utter falsehoods before me? Who ever saw it rain any thing but water?"—"As I hope for life, my lord," replied the bang-eater, "I speak the truth; for my wife and myself ate of the fish and flesh which fell from the clouds." The woman being appealed to denied the assertion of her husband.

The walee, being now convinced that the man was crazy, released his wife, and sent the husband to the madhouse; where he remained some days, till the wife, pitying his condition, contrived to get him released by the following stratagem. She visited her husband, and desired him, when any one inquired of him if he had seen it rain flesh and fish, to answer, "No: who ever saw it rain any thing but water?" She then informed the keeper that he was come to his senses, and desired him to put the question. On his answering properly, he was released.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 473.)

THE poverty of the ancient Romans has been highly extolled; but it appears that, for the first three hundred years, they had no money but of copper: they had no gold coin till the year 600, after the second Punic war. Fabricius, who defeated Pyrrhus, had but one dish of silver. Till the last Macedonian war, the Ælian family had but one ounce of silver. The senate of Rome gave a portion to Scipio's daughter, when he was engaged in the siege of Carthage: the amount was eleven thousand *asses* [about thirty-five pounds sterling]. Cornelius Rufinus, twice consul and dictator, was expelled the senate for having in his possession silver plate to the amount of twenty marks [one hundred and sixty ounces].

It is affirmed in the thesis of the abbé de Prades of 1752, that all men are equal; that they have an equal right in all kinds of property; that this right cedes to positive right, or the right of inequality, which is nothing more than the right of the strongest. The king of Prussia (who refutes this system) observed to me on reading this article: "Egad, though it is against my interest to say so, he is certainly in the right."

In the month of July 1754, the king of Spain issued an edict forbidding the monks to receive any novice for ten years, to enter the houses of citizens, to acquire new property, or to associate any one to their fraternity before he had completed the age of twenty-eight years. Superstition rendered this edict ineffectual. The marquis of Ensenada was thrown into prison for having suggested it; and the king asked pardon by a circular letter. In the

same manner Machault, the comptroller-general in France, was compelled to resign, because he wanted to oblige the clergy to pay the *vingtième*. How is it possible for genuine philosophy to exist in Italy and Spain? A man dares not even think in either country, without asking leave of a capuchin.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDLEY
of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Constitutional Bon-mot.—While *The Constitution*, American frigate, was lately at the French port of Cherbourg, her beautiful structure was greatly admired by the port-admiral, who made a representation on the subject to Bonaparté. On receipt of his report, the French ruler immediately ordered a complete admeasurement to be made of her, and an accurate model to be prepared. It was on this occasion remarked with some wit, that no objection could be made to Bonaparté's taking pattern from the *American Constitution.*

Tooth-Ache.—In addition to the remedy mentioned in our Magazine for September, p. 428, we present to our fair readers two others, which have since been communicated to the public. 1st. Drink a tea-cup full of the infusion of dock-root for three mornings successively—then, every second morning for a week or ten days: after which, leave off taking it for nine days; then begin anew, and proceed as before. The kind of dock required for this purpose has a long root, which appears yellow when broken: it has long narrow leaves, greener than those of some other kinds. The roots, after being washed clean, are to be bruised, with a hammer, and have boiling water poured on them in a bason, until they are covered. The writer who has recommened this (Mr. Merrick, of Oakley Park) declares that he has derived from it a perfect and permanent cure—2d. Roll a sheet of writing paper into the form of a cone or sugar-loaf; and, having set fire to the larger end, catch in a clean silver table-spoon the smoke issuing from the smaller end. When the paper is consumed, a small quantity of oil will be found in the spoon. With this oil impregnate a pellet of fit size to enter the hollow of the rotten tooth, in which it is to be carefully lodged. If the pellet be too large, the intention will be frustrated by the oil being squeezed out of it in forcing it into its destined place. The anonymous writer who recommends this application, declares, that, by means of it, he has administered relief to numerous sufferers.

New Comet.—A French astronomer, at Marseilles, discovered, on the 16th of November, what he *mis*-calls a new *comet*, which, on account of the thickness of the weather, was not discernible at Paris until the 5th of December. It is not visible to the naked eye: but, through very good glasses, its nucleus, of vivid brightness, is seen surrounded with a light cloud.—It has *no tail.*—It was first discovered in the constellation Eridanus:—had it been in *Taurus*, it would have been quite at home—a *comet without a tail* being as complete a *bull* as a *two-footed quadruped*; since the very name of *comet* necessarily implies the accompaniment of *a tail*, or *mane*; wherefore, if astronomers have discovered in the heavens any eccentric erratic luminary without a tail, they would do well to give it some other name than that of *comet.*

Slave-Trade.—Notwithstanding the laws enacted in England and the American United States against this inhuman and nefarious traffic, it

appears from the "Fifth report of the Directors of the African Institution," that British and American subjects still lately continued to evade those laws. The course pursued by American slave-traders was, to call at some Spanish or Portuguese port, and there obtain fictitious bills of sale, and other papers, calculated to disguise the real ownership.—The plan of the British slave-traders was the same, as appears in the case of two ships under Spanish colors, captured by British cruisers in the course of the last year. The officers of those two ships positively swore that the vessels and cargoes were Spanish property; and the supercargo of one of them, calling himself Don Jorge Madre-Silva, as positively swore that he was a native Spaniard, and not a subject of Great-Britain. "It was discovered, however," (says the report) "by means of two of the crew, that all these depositions, thus solemnly and judicially made, were false. One of the ships was ascertained to have cleared out from England by the name of the Queen Charlotte, and to be still the property of British merchants resident in London. The other had cleared out from Kingston in Jamaica, under the name of the Mohawk. Both vessels had undergone a fictitious sale at Carthagena to a Spaniard, and had there changed their original names for the Gallicia and Palafox; and the supercargo who had sworn to his Spanish birth, proved to be an Englishman, who had sailed from the Thames in the Queen Charlotte, and was then known by the name of George Woodbine, which, when translated into Spanish, formed the appellation by which he was afterwards distinguished, Don Jorge Madre-Silva."—Subsequent to these infamous transactions, an act of the British parliament has declared the slave-trade a felony, punishable by transportation for fourteen years, or five years' confinement to hard labor.

Russian Domestics.—The Russian nobility, as noticed by Dr. Clarke in his "Travels," are remarkable as well for the number as for the dress of their servants. In the house of young Count Orlof alone, he says, there are no less than five hundred servants—many of them sumptuously clothed, and many others in rags. It is no un-usual sight (he adds) to see, behind a chair, a sort of *gala* footman, in gold and plumes, and another behind him looking like a beggar.

Poisonous Gin and Sugar.—In the "Transactions of the Medical Society of London," Dr. Shearman relates, that, in a sea-port town in Essex, an endemial colic was traced to the use of smuggled Hollands gin. The gin always contracts a color from being kept some time in the tubs in which it is brought over by the smugglers: and to deprive it of that color, it is impregnated with sugar of lead; by which nefarious adulteration it is enhanced in price, three or four shillings a gallon.—In the same volume, Surgeon Deering, notices the case of four persons in one family having lost their lives by the use of common sugar which had been packed in a cask that had previously contained white lead.

Mermaid.—A young man, named John M'Isaac, of Corphine, in Kintyre, in Scotland, lately made oath, on examination, at Campbeltown, before the sheriff-substitute of Kintyre, that he saw on the afternoon of the 13th October, on a black rock on the sea-coast, an animal, of the particulars of which he gives a long and curious detail, answering in general to the description commonly given of the supposed amphibious animal, called a mermaid. He states, that the upper half of it

was white, and of the shape of a human body; the other half, towards the tail, of a brindled or reddish grey color, apparently covered with scales; but the extremity of the tail itself was of a greenish red shining color; that the head was covered with long hair; at times it would put back the hair on both sides of its head: it would also spread its tail like a fan; and while so extended, the tail continued in tremulous motion, and when drawn together again, it remained motionless, and appeared to the deponent to be about twelve or fourteen inches broad; that the hair was long and light brown; that the animal was between four and five feet long; that it had a head, hair, arms and body, down to the middle, like a human being; that the arms were short in proportion to the body, which appeared to be about the thickness of that of a young lad, and tapering gradually to the point of the tail; that when stroking its head, as above-mentioned, the fingers were kept close together, so that he cannot say whether they were webbed or not; that he saw it for near two hours, the rock on which it lay being dry; that after the sea had so far retired, as to leave the rock dry to the height of five feet above the water, it tumbled clumsily into the sea; a minute after he observed the animal above water, and then he saw every feature of its face, having all the appearance of a human being, with very hollow eyes. The cheeks were of the same color with the rest of the face; the neck seemed short; and it was constantly with both hands stroking and washing its breast, which was half immersed in the water. He therefore cannot say whether its bosom was formed like a woman's or not. He saw no other fins or feet upon it but as described. It continued above water for a few minutes and then disappeared. He was informed that some boys in a neighbouring farm saw a similar creature in the sea, close to the shore, on the same day. The Minister of Campbeltown, and the Chamberlain of Mull, attest his examination, and declare they know no reason why his veracity should be questioned.

To prevent chapped Hands.—The following cosmetic (somewhat different from that which we have given in page 75 of our present volume) has been communicated to us by a lady, and recommended as an effectual preventive of cracking or roughness in the hands.

Shave half a pound of new white soap very thin into a small tea-cupful of rose-water; and pour on as much boiling water as will soften it.—Next, dissolve, over the fire,* two ounces of sperma-ceti in half a gill of sweet oil, and one pennyworth of oil of almonds: then add the soap and a quarter ounce of powdered camphor, with a few drops of lavender-water. Let the mixture boil for a quarter of an hour: then pour it out into a basin, and stir it, till it is thick enough to be made into balls or cakes; which operation must be performed as speedily as possible.

Courageous Humanity.—A few weeks since, a boy fell over-board from the Rodney man of war. On hearing of the accident, the commander, Capt. J. Allen, (who, for ten days preceding, had not been out of his cabin, where he had been confined by severe illness) instantly sprang from the gallery window into the water. It was quite dark, being about 8 at night, and the ship was going at the rate of 15 knots an hour. He, however, found and

* "In a brass pan," says our correspondent—though we cannot discover her reason for preferring brass.

seised the lad, followed the ship with him for a quarter of an hour; and they were both taken on board again.

Fractured and dislocated Limbs.—A surgeon of Ashford-under-line has completed a machine, by which an operator is enabled to reduce a dislocation or fracture, without any other assistance, in the most perfect manner, and with considerably less pain to the patient. He is likewise enabled to bind up the fracture or dislocation whilst the extension is made, by which means it is impossible for a fracture or dislocation to be misplaced. Also a fractured thigh may be so set that the limp, which generally follows, is entirely obviated. The same machine may be used for the extension of contracted limbs.

POETRY.

Winter.

By Miss Baxter, *Newington.*

The winter's approaching: how cold is
the morn! [dawn!
Sad, lowring, and mournful the lingering
How dreary and joyless the hills now
appear— [to cheer!
No landscape to please, and no prospect
The trees are all stripp'd of their beautiful green: [be seen;
No arbours of woodbine, or flow'rs can
The sweet little warblers that sang in the
grove, [of love.
Have ceas'd to converse in the language
Now hark! from the north how the wind
whistles loud! [on each cloud.
Rude Boreas triumphant now rides
See how the keen blasts sweep along the
bleak shore, [tempests spread o'er.
While the white-foaming main is with
If e'er in the meadows we happen to
stray, [once were so gay!
How chang'd are the prospects that
The poor harmless flocks, sadly bleating
along, [a song.
With mourning fill pastures once us'd to
While such weather lasts, we shall gladly
retire, [the fire.
To bask in the rays—not of Sol—but
There tasting the joys books and converse can bring, [spring.
We'll wait the return of the life-giving

Stanzas, by Miss Squire,
on reading an extract from Mr. Scott's
"Vision of Don Roderick," ending thus—
"And he, your chieftain—strike the
proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle—the hero is
thine own.*"

The hero is your own:—proclaim it loud
through all your ranks; and let the
daunting foe

* See our Magazine for September, page 432.

Catch the exulting sound; for well they
know
This boast of Erin, this thrice glorious
chief, [tors low
Whose arm so oft has laid their vic-
And, daring, snatch'd those high-rais'd
trophies proud, [now with grief,
Which erst those spoilers claim'd, but
Behold bright waving, where Britannia's
pride, [vaunts deride.
Bold in the righteous cause, oppression's

And Oh! ye gallant bands, to freedom
dear, [crown'd—
Europe's last hope, with fadeless laurels
Ye, who, when dangers threat, still
foremost found, [fight—
Dare in the stranger's cause th' unequal
Yours be the boast, while empires fall
around, [reer—
And myriads weep ambition's dread ca-
Yours be the boast, its proudest hopes to
blight, [kind,
And teach these dread enslavers of man-
Fame, for Britannia's sons, no common
wreath has turn'd.

Britannia's sons you are:—with equal
pride, [of fame,
With equal joy, she hears the trump
In lofty tones, your daring deeds proclaim.
Secure, triumphant, on her favor'd land,
She glows enraptur'd at each warrior's
name.
Hibernian heroes, who disdain the guide
Of slow-pac'd prudence—Scotia's warlike
band—
Alike she loves, alike delights to own—
Joint 'vengers of her wrongs, joint guardians of her throne.

A Prayer.

By Mary F. Johnson, *author of "Original Sonnets, and other Poems."*

Still grant me, Heav'n! while I remain
below,

To wear the moments of life's fleeting hour,
With calm contentment, in seclusion's bow'r,
Too high to dread contemptuous pride, too low
To fear sly Envy's sting or ambush'd blow.
Ne'er let me, heav'n, intreat a boon of pow'r,
Nor to its minions aught of homage show,
Nor ever measure merit by her dow'r.
Be no professions mine at truth's expense,
But make me, feeling right, speak as I feel;
Still from opinion to my heart appeal,
And rule demeanor by the moral sense.
Propitious heav'n, so let my moments fly;
So let me live with peace, with resignation die!

The Actor *and the* Lion.
A true Story.
By Mr. J. Taylor.

Parsons, so long on London's comic stage,
Ranked with the foremost actors of his age,
For humour bold, original and true,
In early days was tost about by fate,
Through ev'ry change of that precarious state,
Which marks the fortune of a strolling crew.

With such a troop he quarter'd once at Lynn,
The town was full of bustle, spirit, din,
And many an object to surprise and scare:
Among the rest, to aid the mingled roar,
Bears, Tigers, Lions, a tremendous store,
With all the wonders of a country fair.

Beds were so scarce, 'mid such a numerous heap,
That Parsons with a friend was forced to sleep,
At the same inn where stood the mimic stage.
The savage breed were in the space below,
All rang'd in order for the morning show,
And howling serenades from cage to cage.

Wearied at last by all this hideous sound,
Our friends had sunk into a sleep profound,
When just at one o'clock, portentous hour!
Parsons was gently pull'd, and with a groan,
His friend informed him, in a whisp'ring tone,
To save their lives was not in fortune's pow'r.

At first he thought some danger might be near,
But soon accus'd his trembling friend of fear.
The wild illusion of a slumb'ring brain;
"For heav'n's sake hush!" with moans the other said:
"A lion's at the bottom of the bed:
My foot this moment touch'd his shaggy mane."

Parsons assail'd this panic with a jest.
But all his sportive sallies more distrest
His wretched friend, who answer'd with a sigh,
"'Tis not a phantom conjur'd up by fear,
Alas! I'm certain there's a Lion here——
But if you're *mad*, put down your foot and try."

Still Parsons thought 'twas mere fantastic dread
That thus disturbed his dreaming partner's head,
Though the poor man seem'd tortur'd on the rack.
Resolv'd, howe'er, the point to ascertain,
He stretch'd his leg to find the shaggy mane,
But straight in silent horror drew it back.

Too well assur'd his friend was in the right,
He felt the danger now with equal fright,
And both, indeed, were sunk in deep dismay—
Afraid to stay, yet more afraid to go,
Lest motion should but rouse the sleeping foe,
And morn soon light him to his helpless prey.

Some hours they pass'd in this disastrous state,
Dumb, almost breathless, brooding o'er their fate—
Their fears increas'd each time they heard the clock,
Lest it should break the Monster's dread repose,
When as new terrors with the day arose,
The door alarm'd them with a sudden knock!

As if a peal of thunder shook the room,
The sound appeared the signal of their doom,
Nor dar'd they raise their heads to eye the door—
The Beast seem'd moving, as if just awake,
And with redoubled horror made them quake,
When hark! a knock much louder than before.

While lost in wild suspense, a heavier knock
Sent to their palpitating hearts a shock,
And seem'd the crisis of their fate to bring;
Again they thought the Beast began to stir,

And drew more distant from his dread-
ful fur, [spring.
Expecting ev'ry moment he would
The door was open'd, and with eager
stare, [pair,
A waiter now approach'd the shudd'ring
And asked them why in horrors thus
they lay— [case.
With broken whispers they reveal'd the
He started as if Death was in the place,
And strait on tip-toe stole in haste
away.

The news like lightning o'er the mansion
spread, [with dread;
And through it struck the stoutest there
At once they all in search of weapons
flew;
Together to the chamber then they bend,
To save poor Parsons and his wretched
friend, [due.
Firmly resolv'd the Monster to sub-
But when they saw the door, the hostile
band, [stand—
Aw'd by the danger, made a solemn
While thus they paus'd—with appre-
hension pale— [there,
A Serjeant bold, who sent the waiter
Now seiz'd the direful cause of all their
care— [tale.
A hairy knapsack—and so ends the

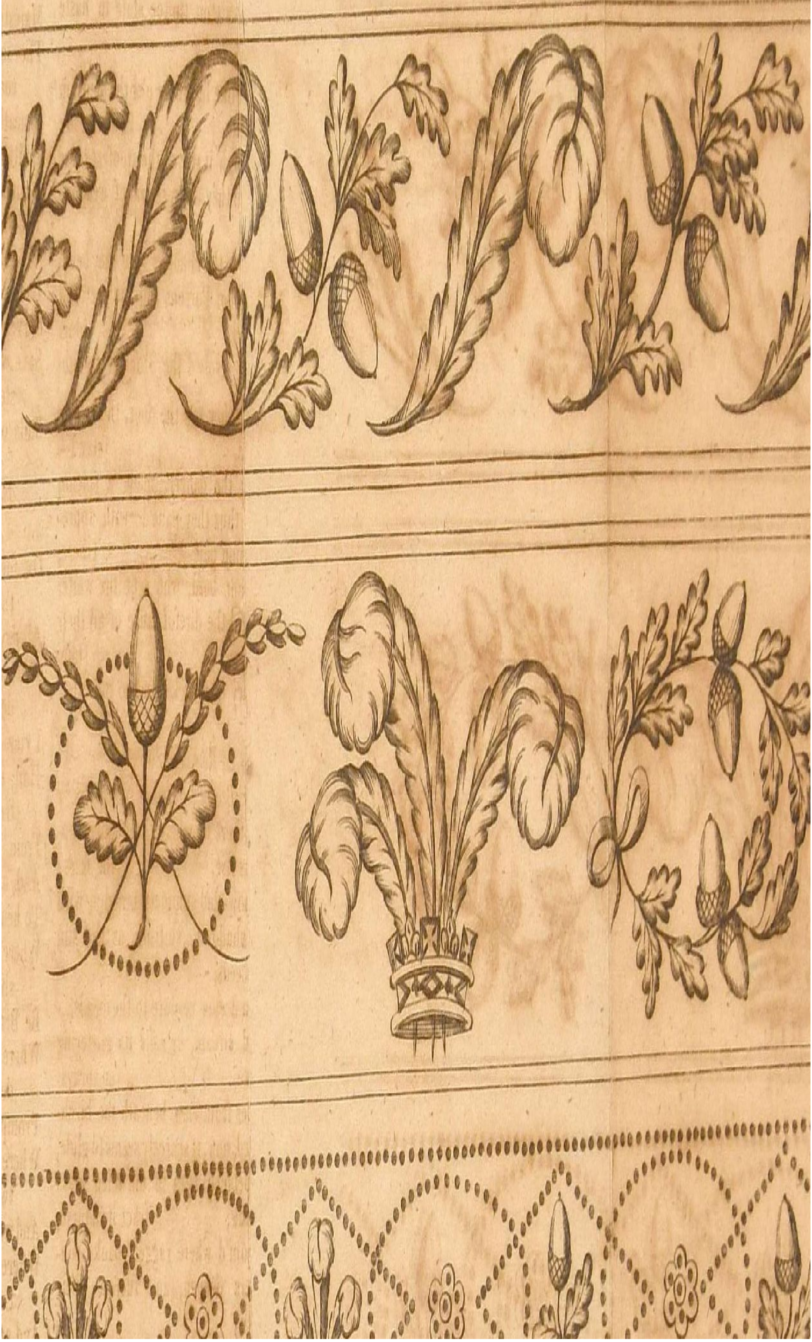
A Romantic SCENE.
(*From Dr. Brown's Poems of* "*Philemon.*")

A VALE there is, where Grampian moun-
tains rise, [the skies;
Their snow-clad summets mingling with
Whose shadows, shifting, as the sun
proceeds,
Impart a deeper verdure to the meads.
A limpid stream, or rolls its glittering
maze, [en sprays.
Or 'scapes from view beneath the birch-
Expanded, now, it scarcely seems to glide,
While pebbled isles th' unruffled glass
divide; [tract its course,
Now, join'd where ragged banks con-
Its waters deepen, and increase their
force;
Advancing, with resistless eddies, sweep
Projecting rocks, and roar along the
steep, [plain,
Till, farther on, they pour into the
Swell with uniting rills, and meet the
main.

But, ere this stream has left its native
hill, [skill;
It forms a scene that mocks the painter's
From rock to rock the raging torrents
roam, [foam;
The rugged surface whitening with their
Below, a sullen, black abyss appears,
Scoop'd by the waters of a thousand years;
Tremendous crags o'erhang the deep;
cascade, [shades.
Whose hoary sides the cleaving bushes
The noon-tide glare, that radiant sum-
mer darts, [parts.
But doubtful twilight to the dell im-
It never yet beheld the solar beam
Illume the trees, or tremble on the
stream.
Majestic Horror breathes her spirit o'er
The scene, and listens to the torrent's
roar.
Beneath the hill, that intercepts the ray
Emitted from the setting orb of day,
A winding lake of liquid crystal laves
The shelving shores with gently mur-
m'ring waves. [ing sky,
Each cloud, that flits along the chang-
Surveys its image, as it passes by,
Save when the fog, descending from the
steep, [deep.
Sails o'er the margin, and involves the

The Englishman's WISH *in India*,
(*From* "*Calcutta,*" *a Poem.*)

OH for that happy day, (compar'd with
that,
All days are joyless and all pleasures flat)
When, fill'd with boundless raptures of
delight,
I view low Saugor fading from the sight;
Hail, in the welcome breeze, a glad re-
treat [heat,
From shores that glisten with eternal
And, as the bellying sails distended swell,
To heat and India bid a long farewell!
Where milder suns on happier seasons
shine, [mine;
Be Britain's isle and British comfort
Where kindred ties the passing hour en-
dear, [ling tear:
Prompt the glad smile, and wipe the fal-
Where Liberty with Justice reigns en-
twin'd,
And wakes to life the virtues of the mind:
Where pure Devotion pours her heav'n-
taught pray'r,
And awful piles a rev'rend aspect wear,
Their sacred spires amid the prospect
smile, [isle;
And speak in grateful praise the favor'd
Unseen the barb'rous rite, the frantic
train, [fane?
Unheard the shout that frights the idol
Sweet is the view where nature's boun-
teous plan
Owes a last polish to industrious man!
Dear land! the best of thoughts where'er
I stray, [day.
At night my vision, and my theme by



Chronologic SUMMARY *of notable* OCCURRENCES *in the Year* 1811.

January 1. A proclamation of the Spanish Cortes, declaring null and void all public acts of Ferdinand VII, while under restraint or foreign influence.

Jan. 1. Tortosa surrendered to the French at discretion.

January 2. The Regency bill passed the House of Commons.

Jan. 3. Christophe, the black sovereign in St. Domingo, ordered the sequestration of all American property in his dominions.

Jan. 4. A heavy fall of snow, rendering the northern roads almost impassable.—The river Severn frozen.

Jan. 5. Two outside passengers on the Carlisle coach frozen to death.

Jan. 6. The States of Saxony opened their session.

Jan. 8. The common council of London, and, Jan. 9, the livery, voted resolutions condemnatory of the "limitations and restrictions" on the power of the Regent.

Jan. 10. A monster, or woman hater, dangerously wounded a female in St. James's Park.

Jan. 11. An edict by the French governor of the Illyrian provinces, sequestrating Austrian property.

Jan. 11. Between seven and eight hundred prisoners in Newgate—about one half debtors.

Jan. 13. Gallant action, in which the merchant ship Cumberland, Capt. Barratt, beat off four French privateers.

January 15. The session of parliament was opened under a commission, to which the great seal had been affixed by order of both houses.

Jan. 16. A chimney-sweeper's boy suffocated in a chimney in Orchard street, Westminster.

Jan. 19. A levy of 100,000 men ordered in Russia.

Jan. 21. The Lisbon Gazette published a dispensation from the pope, allowing the Portuguese army to eat flesh on fast-days.

Jan. 22. The iron aqueduct bridge of the Grand Junction Canal, over the river Ouse, near Stratford, opened for the passage of boats.

Jan. 31. Eruption of a Volcano in 80 fathoms water, near the Azores.

Jan. 31. The regency bill was passed; and on the 5th of February, the Lord Chancellor, under a commission sealed by order of both houses, "*declared and notified his Majesty's royal assent*" to the bill. (His Majesty at this time unfortunately labouring under a mental derangement which wholly incapacitated him for business.)

Feb. 6. His R. H. the Prince of Wales sworn into the office of Regent.

Feb. 7. Mr. Finnerty sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in Lincoln jail, for a libel on Lord Castlereagh.

Feb. 10. The senates of Lubeck and Bremen suppressed.

Feb. 10. A conflagration near Limehouse-hole stairs, which destroyed four warehouses, and twelve dwelling-houses.

Feb. 11. Mr. Roach, editor of the "*Day*" newspaper, sentenced to twelve months' confinement, for a libel on the military employed on the occasion of Sir F. Burdett's arrest.

Feb. 12. The Regent opened (or authorised the continuance of) the session of Parliament, by commissioners, who read, in his name, a speech to both houses.

Feb. 12. Circular letters sent, by order of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to all sheriffs and magistrates in that kingdom, for the arrest of all persons concerned in the appointment of Catholic Delegates.

Feb. 15. The senate of Hamburg suppressed.

Feb. 20. A meeting, with Sir F. Burdett in the chair, to raise a subscription for Mr. Finnerty.

Feb. 20. The renewal of the charter of the United States' Bank was negatived by the American Congress.

Feb. 22. Messrs. John and Leigh Hunt, proprietors of the "*Examiner*" newspaper, tried for a libel, and acquitted.

Feb. 23. A decree of Bonaparté ordering prisoners of war to be employed as laborers.

Feb. 26. John Liles sentenced to seven years' transportation, for bigamy.

Feb. 26. Hadje Hassan, ambassador from Algiers, had his first audience of the Prince Regent.

Feb. 27. The House of representatives in the American Congress passed a

bill prohibiting commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

Feb. 28. Mr. Pinkney, the American minister in this country, had his audience of leave.

March 1. A stone, weighing fifteen pounds, fell from the clouds, in Russia.

March 5. The battle of Barrosa gained by Gen. Graham, against the French under Marshal Victor.

March 5. The French army, under Gen. Marmont, retreated from Santarem.

March 9. An aggregate meeting of the Catholics in Dublin voted an address to the Regent for the removal of the Duke of Richmond (lord lieutenant) and his secretary Mr. Pole, from their official situations.

March 10. Possession taken of the county of Mappen, united to the French empire.

March 11. Badajos surrendered to the French.

March 11. The House of Commons voted a loan of six millions for the relief of merchants and manufacturers.

Lately, a skate, of twelve hundred weight, was caught in the Firth of Forth.

March 12. Riots at Nottingham, in consequence of distress among the workmen.

March 13. John Drakard, printer of the "*Stamford News*," found guilty of a libel.

March 13. Captain Hoste defeats a French squadron of superior force off Lissa.

March 17. A proclamation by the king of Sweden, announcing his temporary resignation of the regal power.

March 18. Westminster address voted, for parliamentary reform.

March 19. An order by the Prince Regent, of an additional allowance to the regimental messes in the army.

March 20. Birth of Bonaparte's son, the King of Rome.

March 23. A riot in Bristol market, caused by a rise in the price of butter.

March 26. Sequestrated English merchandise, to the amount of £100,000 sterling, burned at Swinemunde.

March 27. Christophe, the black chief in St. Domingo, was proclaimed king of the North.

March 27. Near 5000 Danes, attacking the garrison of Anholt, repulsed by 360 British, who took near 500 prisoners.

March 27 *and* 28. About fifty vessels and three hundred lives lost in a storm at Cadiz.

March 31. Confiscated English manufacturer, to the amount of £50,000, burned at Rugenwalde.

April 1. Confiscated English manufactures, to the amount of £60,000, burned at Memel.

April 3. At the late Duke of Queensberry's sale, his Tokay wine sold at eighty-four pounds per dozen.

April 4. A proclamation in the Berlin Court Gazette, forbidding any Englishman, or other foreigner, to enter the Prussian territory without a passport.

April 8. Several persons killed by the fall of two houses in Ironmonger Row, Old Street.

April 10. A riot at Brighton, between a party of the South Gloucester militia, and a party of the inhabitants.

April 10. William Gibbs reprieved at the moment when about to be hanged for a robbery committed by his sweetheart, of which he had taken upon himself the guilt, in order to save her life.

April 14. The French garrison of Olivenza surrendered at discretion to the allied army.

April 15. Three hundred thousand dollars sent from the Bank to be stamped by Mr. Bolton at Soho.

April 16. A skylark's nest, with three young birds well fledged, found near Arbroath.

April 17. Wooden furniture and glasses shivered to pieces in Jamaica, without any apparent cause. (See the article "*Land wind*," in our Magazine for December, page 572.)

April 20. Eight persons perished in the conflagration of a house in Half-moon alley, Bishopsgate-street.

April 21. A young nobleman lost £21,000 at one of the fashionable gaming houses.

April 24. Twenty four villages destroyed, and between three and four thousand lives lost, by a sudden inundation of the Danube below Pest.

April 24. Mackarel sold at Billingsgate, at eight shillings a piece, by the hundred.

April 24. A subscription set on foot at the London Tavern, for the relief of the Portuguese.

April 25. Mr. Foster set out from London, as embassador to the United States of America.

April 25. The Bank commenced a new issue of stamped dollars.

April 25. Thirty-five men killed, and

eighteen wounded, by an explosion of inflammable air in a coal-mine near Liege.

April 28. A fire at Montego Bay, in Jamaica, destroyed the chief part of the town.

April 29. The commissioners of Hyde Park turnpikes let their tolls for £17,000 per annum.

May 1. A meeting at Willis's Rooms, to raise a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese.

May 2. A violent storm at Madras.

May 2. The salary of the Recorder of London raised from 1,500 to £2,500.

May 3. Intelligence received of the seisure of two British vessels in the waters of the United States, under the non-intercourse law.

May 3. A meeting of the Livery of London at the City Tavern passed strong resolutions in favor of parliamentary reform.

May 4. French cruisers daily capturing our merchant ships even at the mouth of Dover harbour.

May 5. Lord Wellington gained a splendid Victory over the French army under Gen. Massena, near Almeida.

May 7 The lake at the Rio Ho, in Jamaica, was found to have fallen near two feet in six weeks.

May 8. The Honorable Arthur Wm. Hodges hanged at Tortola for the cruel murder of one of his slaves.

May 9. The first stone of Vauxhall bridge laid by Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent.

May 10. The French Garrison in Almeida blew up the fortifications, and made their escape.

May 12. Singular phenomenon, and destructive hail-storm, near Hopton, Derbyshire.

May 15. A remarkable meteor seen at Lausanne.

May 16. An engagement, near the mouth of the Chesapeake between the President American frigate, and the Little Belt, British sloop of war.

May 16. The battle of Albuera, in which Gen. Beresford gained a complete victory over the French army under Gen. Soult.

May 17. The suit, Sir F. Burdett *v.* the speaker of the House of Commons, was determined against Sir Francis.

May 18. The freedom of the city of London presented to the Prince Regent in a box of British heart of oak.

May 18. Six French eagles and six standards, deposited in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall.

May 20. The Rev. Rowland Hill laid the first stone for a new range of alms houses, in Gravel-lane Southwark.

May 21. Lord Sidmouth's bill, to regulate the granting of licences to dissenting teachers, rejected by the House of Lords.

May 22. Several persons killed by the fall of a house at Seven Dials.

May 23. Intelligence arrived from Egypt, of a general massacre of the Mamalukes at Grand Cairo.

May 24 Mr. Drakard (See March 13.) sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment the castle of Lincoln.

May 25. The Duke of York re-appointed commander in chief.

May 27. Number of members actually resident at Oxford, 1015.

May 27. Great flood and storm in Shropshire: upwards of 3,000 acres inundated.

May 31. Prodigious swell of the tide at Plymouth.

May 31. A motion, for referring the petition of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house negatived in the Commons.

June 1. A tailor at Ulm made an unsuccessful attempt to fly in the air.

June 2. A remarkable hurricane at Heligoland.

June 2. Christophe and his wife crowned king and queen of Hayti.

June 6. The House of Commons voted £100,000 to augment livings of poorer clergy.

June 8. Remarkable flux and reflux of the sea at Plymouth.

June 8. Severe thunder-storm at Alexandria in Virginia, with hail stones of uncommon size—some weighing fourteen ounces.

June 9. The Russian prisoners in England were sent home.

June 10. The Regent reviewed between 20 and 30,000 men on Wimbledon Common.

June 12. It was stated in the House of Commons that there are 24,000 journeymen tailors within the bills of mortality.

June 14. The proceedings of the House of Commons state the number of French prisoners in England to be near 50,000.

June 14. Part of a mountain fell at Villeneuve, near the lake of Geneva.

June 14. A fire at Konigsburg destroyed between 3 and 400 houses.

About the middle of June, a great part of the city of Smyrna was destroyed by a conflagration.

June 17. Lord Wellington retreats with the allied army to Abrantes.

June 18. A motion for referring the petition of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house, negatived in the House of Lords.

June 19. A verdict given against Sir F. Burdett, in the trial of his suit *v.* the serjeant at arms.

June 19. The Prince Regent gave a grand *fête* to two thousand of the nobility and gentry.

June 19. Lord Louth condemned to three months' imprisonment for oppression and abuse of authority as a magistrate.

June 20. The French garrison in Astorga blew up the fortifications, and abandoned the place.

June 20. The Rev. Richard Blacow sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a lible on Mrs. Fairclough.

June 22. A decision in the court of King's Bench pronounced Methodist chapels to be chargeable with poor-rates.

June 25. Some hundred storks alighted near Bamberg.

June 28. The French general Suchet took Tarragona by storm.

July 1. An edict of the governor of Berbice decreed the same punishment for murdering, maiming, or wounding, a negro, as a white person.

July 2. A school-boy found standing dead, with his satchel on his shoulder, in a vault of Paddington chapel.

July 3. Mr. Sadler ascended with a balloon at Cambridge.

July 5. Another volcano broke out in the ocean, near the Azores.

July 4. A signal victory gained by the Russians over the Turks, at Rudschuck.

July 5. The general congress of Venezuela issued a declaration of complete and unqualified independence.

July 6. A life-boat, of beer-butts, launched at Greenwich.

July 6. A destructive hurricane in the gulf of Saint Laurence—and, on the 7th and 8th, in the West Indies.

July 7. Three-shilling silver tokens issued by the Bank of England.

July 11. The king of Sweden quitted the British fleet, and went to Tonningen.

July 14. The Glasgow bank robbed of £20,000.

July 16. King Joseph arrived at Madrid, on his return from France.

July 18. Fifty tons of silver, from Lima, lodged in the bank.

July 20. Another monster, without provocation, inflicted a mortal wound on a woman in the Borough.

July 24. The convent of Montserrat taken by the French general Suchet.

July 24. The royal assent given to the bill to prevent gold coin from being paid or received for more than its nominal value.

July 24-5. The Chertsey bank was robbed.

August 9. Five Catholic gentlemen arrested in Dublin, for having attended an election of Delegates.

Aug. 12. Mr. Sadler and Capt. Paget ascended with a balloon, at Hackney.

Aug. 13. The city of New Valencia, in South America, surrendered to Gen. Miranda.

Aug. 19. Figueras surrendered to the French, at discretion.

Aug. 21. A comet made its appearance above our horizon.

Aug. 22. Another monster stabbed a young woman in the Park.

Aug. 22. Parliament prorogued to October 4.

Aug. 25. The bank of Charleston, South Carolina, robbed.

Aug. 29. A crown piece of Charles II. was sold for one hundred and two pounds, at the sale of the duplicates of the British Museum.

Aug. 29. Mr. Sadler and Mr. Beaufoy ascended with a balloon, at Hackney.

Aug. 30. From intense heat of the weather, some furze took fire near Lisbon, and caused a conflagration extending to an area of four square miles.

Septemb. 5. A counter-revolutionary, but unsuccessful, insurrection at Valencia, South America.

Septemb. 7. A powder-mill blown up on Hounslow Heath.

Sept. 8. The Turkish army crossed the Danube near Rudschuck.

Septemb. 10. The foundation-stone laid of a new theatre at Plymouth.

Septemb. 11. Discovery made at the Queen's house, that her majesty's court dresses had been stolen.

Septemb. 25. An ox found alive in a pit, near Forfar, after having fasted 23 days.

Septemb. 26. The Ely bank stopped payment.

Septemb. 20. The Boulogne flotilla defeated by an inferior British force in Bonaparte's sight.

Sept. 26. A petrified ox discovered standing in an old coal pit near Truro.

Septemb. 17. A solar eclipse observed in the American United States.

Octob. 1. A serious fracas between English and Irish militia in Dublin barracks.

Octob. 1. A destructive conflagration in Greenwich hospital.

Octob. 7. A new life-boat, invented by Captain Cartwright, exhibited on the Thames.

Octob. 9. Strawberries for sale in Covent-garden.

Octob. 12. The foundation-stone of the Strand bridge, on the Surry side, was laid.

Octob. 15. One side of the quadrangle, in Emanuel College, Cambridge, consumed by fire.

Octob. 16. A society instituted, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as president, for educating the poor.

Octob. 16. An eruption from Vesuvius.

Octob. 17. Negro conspiracy detected at Martinique.

Octob. 28. General Hill surprised the French general Girard at Arroya dos Molinos, killed 1000 men, and captured 300, including two generals.

Novemb. 1. From this day, no person to be arrested for a debt under £15, unless upon note or bill of exchange.

Novemb. 1. Mr. White tried for libel, and acquitted.

Novemb. 2. Carter Tuck, or Tucker, the sham parson, sentenced to seven years' transportation for swindling.

Novemb. 11. The new Exchequer court and offices at Edinburgh destroyed by fire.

Novemb. 17. A Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland burned by nocturnal incendiaries.

Novemb. 21. Trial and acquittal of one of the Catholic delegates in Dublin.

Novemb. 27. Dreadful explosion at the powder mills at Waltham Abbey.

Novemb. 30. Shock of an earthquake felt at Portsmouth, and along the coast.

Decemb. 5. Benjamin Walsh, M. P. and stock-broker, absconded with £15,500 intrusted to him by Sir T. Plomer.

Decemb. 7. Mr. Marr, his wife, child, and errand-boy, murdered in his own house in Ratcliffe Highway.

About the middle of December, the office for Military accounts was discovered to have been robbed of above 400 weight of valuable public papers.

Decemb 19. Mr. Williamson, his wife, and servant, murdered in his own house, New Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway.

INDEX

to the PROSE ARTICLES in this Volume.

ABSTINENCE from food, Remarkable, 240
Actæon, History of, ... 20
Adulterated wine and vinegar, How to detect, . . . 10, 380
Africa, Particulars respecting the interior of, ... 121
Air, The evil, ... 522
Alfred and Fanny, ... 11
Altered belle, The, ... 258
American lion, ... 561
Anecdotes of Mrs. Bendysh, . 245
——— of Lucien Bonaparté, . 472
——— of a Cossaque, . 272
——— of Mr. Fox, . . 367
——— of Lord Holland, . 425
——— of a miser, . 488
——— of Dr. Paley, . . 270
——— of religion in Spain, . 353
——— of a Russian officer, . 380
Anecdotes of Miss Seward, . 378
——— of the Bey of Tunis, . 426
——— of Rousseau, . . 323
——— of Voltaire, 34, 131, 149, 228
——— The Bible, . . 376
——— Cat-merchant, . . 222
——— Dog in parliament, . 229
——— Grey hair, . . . 181
——— The Parliament-house, 132
——— Resurrection, . . 99
——— Moving skull, . . 276
——— The wardrobe, . . 31
——— The other world, . 131
Antiquarian cookery, . . 474
Arabians under the caliphs, Notices of the, ... 253
Arabs (Bichâre), Notices of the . 121
Attachments (domestic), Essay on, 509
Avarice and fraud punished, 560
Bachelors, Spanish, . . . 426

Banian-tree, Account of the, 226
Beauty, Rules for the preservation of, 168, 198
Belle, The altered, 258
Bendysh (Mrs.), Anecdotes of, 245
Benedict, 516, 563
Benevolence, Essay on, 323
Benevolence, Pleasures of, 545
Bible (The)—An anecdote, 376
Bigotry and intolerance, 79
Bonaparté (Lucien), Anecdote of, 472
——— (Napoleon), Character of, 360, 417
Bon-mot of Mr. Kemble, 571
Bon-mot, Constitutional, 615
Bon-mots, Parliamentary 223, 427
Bouts-rimes, 35, 86, 133, 182, 229, 277, 334, 381, 429, 476, 525, 573
Bread made with rice, 536
Brewery (London), State of the, 475
Broth (Black) of the Spartans, 474
Brothers, The, 409, 451, 495, 537
Bull trained as a horse, 356
Bang eater and his Wife, 312
Cadiz and its inhabitants, Sketch of, 396
Calmuck Tartars, Notices of the, 506
Carriage for sick or wounded persons, 330
Cat-merchant, The 222
Caverns (Curious), near Nottingham, 315
Character of Bonaparté, 360, 417
——— Singular female, 67
——— of Samuel Foote, 423
Character, manners, or customs, of
—— the Arabians under the caliphs, 253
—— the Bichâre Arabs, 121
—— the Inhabitants of Cadiz, 398
—— the French, 470
—— the Hindoos, 275, 426, 461
—— the Irish, 54, 103
—— the Persians, 17
—— the Sicilians, 465, 522
—— the Spanish ladies, 269
—— the inhabitants of Sumatra, 149
—— the Tunisians, 426
—— the Turks, 164
Charity, A miser's, 488
Cheshire, Curious customs in, 206
Chimneys on fire, Extinguisher for, 65
Chinese mode of propagating fruit trees, 272
Comet, New, 615
Clothes (lady's) on fire, To extinguish, 9
Coffee, Recommendation of—and new mode of preparing, 573
Co-incidence, Superstitious, 572
Coins, Historic sketch of, 326
Colds and coughs, Cure for, 326
Coligny (De), Murder of the admiral, 25
Congelation of water in pipes, How to prevent, 28
Congelation of water in a warm room, 427
Constitutional Bon-mot, 615
Conscription, French, 463
Contentment, Essay on, 266
Conversion by proxy, 523
Converted Savage, 569
Cookery, Antiquarian, 474
Cosmetic, Cheap, 126
——— Elegant, 754
Cossaque, Anecdote of a, 272
Cows and Sheep, Sagacity of, 570
Crimes, Table of 475
Cromwell's grand-daughter (Mrs. Bendysh), Anecdotes of, 245
Cruelty (maternal), Remarkable instance of, 20
Curiosity, Fatal, 72
Custom (Curious) at Paramaribo, 13
Customs (Curious) in Cheshire, 206
Courageous humanity, 617
Chronologic summary of remarkable events 621
Dead bodies, Preservation of, 524
Debt (national) Liquidation of the, 573
Defence of women, 32, 82, 166, 147, 210, 255, 320, 370
Delhi, Sack of, 605
Dictionary (Johnson's,) intended improvement of, 571
Diminution of the sea, 570
Divine justice, 424
Docility of a sow, 26
Dog in parliament—an anecdote, 229
Domestic attachments, Essay on, 509
Domestic Russians 616
Dream, Remarkable, 193
Dress (Peculiarities of) with respect to station, 303, 367
Dutch Patriots of the 16th century, 111, 160, 203, 250, 299, 364, 401, 457, 491
Education, Essay on, 509
Eggs, Mode of preserving, 216
Education of women, Essay on the, 509
Elephant, Notices of the, 425
Elfi Bey, Notices of, 121
Ellen—a fragment, 119
Europa, Story of, 130
Eye, The evil, 522
Eyre (Mr.), Anecdote of, 569
Fashions, London, 34, 85, 132, 182, 229, 277, 333, 381, 429, 476, 529, 577
Fatal curiosity, 72
Fatal nuptials, 585
Fattening for marriage, 426
Female character, Singular, 67
Fête, The Regent's, 983
Filtering water, Improved mode of, 227
Fire in chimneys, How to extinguish, 65

Fire in lady's dress, How to extinguish, 9
Fire-irons (bright), Recipe for, 275
Floating island, ... 144
Food, Process for preserving articles of, 428
Foote (Samuel), Characteristic traits of, 423
Fox (Mr.), Anecdote of, . . 267
Fraud and avarice punished, . 560
Freezing of water in pipes, How to prevent, ... 28
——— of water in warm room, 427
French manners and customs, Notices of, 470
Fruit-trees, Chinese mode of propagating, ... 272
Fractures and dislocations, New treatment of, ... 618
Gin and sugar, Poisonous, . 616
Gout medicine, ... 475
Gretna-Green parson, Account of the, 48, 207
Grey hair—an anecdote, . . 191
Hamburg, Picture of, . 62, 117
——— History of, . 331, 373
Hands, White and soft, . 75, 126
Humanity, Courageous, . . 617
Hands (chapped), To prevent, . 617
Hannah, Home spun, on negatives, 75
Hermitage, The Highland, 342, 404, 454, 497, 594
Heroine (The) of Saragossa, 420
Highland hermitage, 342, 404, 454, 539, 594
Hindoo marriages, . . . 578
——— superstition, . 415, 461
Holland (Lord), Anecdote of, . 425
Honi soit qui mal y pense, . 34, 85
Honor, Russian, . . . 270
Incendiaries, Confederacy of, . 525
Indian ink, Improved management of, 379
Inn, A Sicilian, . . . 522
Irish character, Sketches of, 54, 103
Island, Floating, . . . 144
Jealousy, a novel, 22, 59, 195, 263, 306, 357, 395
Johnson's dictionary, Intended improvement of, 571
Justice, Divine, . . . 424
Justice and mercy, . . . 570
Kemble (Mr.), Bon-mot of, . 571
Knight, The new-mounted, . 356
Koran, Summary of the, . . 508
Lakes, New, ... 534
Lamps (night-), Hints on . . 16
Land-wind, . . . 572
Land (Mode of letting) in Ireland, 262
Library, Remarkable, . . 428
Life-preserver, 572
Light, Instantaneous, . . 427
Literature (State of) in Russia, 602
Lightning made useful, . . 572
Lion, American, . . . 561
Lip-salve, Elegant, . . . 171
Love, The trial of, . 448, 501, 589
Love letters, How to write, . 473
Lynceus, Story of, . . . 130
Madness, Causes of, . . 524
Maelstrom, Change in the . 192
Mal-aria, The, ... 522
Marriage, Fattening for, . . 426
Marriages, Hindoo, . . . 275
Maternal cruelty, Remarkable instance of, ... 20
Memoirs of Montalbert, 51, 126, 156
Memory, Extraordinary, . . 427
Mercy and Justice, . . . 570
Mermaid, ... 616
Middle-men of Ireland, . . 262
Miser, Anecdote of a, . . 488
Misery (theatrical), A pleasant, 270
Mortimer (Lady,) History of, 547
Montalbert, Memoirs of, 51, 126, 156
Mother and tutor, . . 77, 108
Murder of the admiral de Coligni, 25
Music, Remarkable instance of the power of, ... 30
Mysterious warnings, . 176, 213
Negatives, Letter on, . . 75
——— (Two) an affirmative, 179
Night-lamps, Hints on, . . 16
Niobe, Story of, . . . 130
Nuptials, Fatal, . . . 565
Paisley (Joseph), the Gretna-green parson, Account of, . 48, 207
Palæphatus, Extracts from, 20, 130
Paley, (Dr.) Anecdote of, . 270
Paper roofs for houses, . . 475
Paraguay herb, Account of the, 210
Paramaribo, Curious custom at, 13
Parliament-house, The—an anecdote, 132
Parliamentary bon-mots, 229, 427
Patriots (Dutch) of the 16th century, 111, 160, 202, 250, 299, 364, 401, 457, 491, 590
Peculiarities of dress with respect to station, ... 303, 367
Persian character, Traits of, . 17
Pig, Racing, ... 130
Pipes, How to prevent freezing of water in the, ... 28
Pleasure and Virtue—a vision, 327
Pleasures of Benevolence, . 547
Police (French), Vigilance of the, 318
Preservation of articles of food, Process for, ... 428
——— of dead bodies, . 524
Rats setting houses on fire, . 16
Russian Domestics, . 616

Reading of sermons, Remarks on, 13
Regent's life, Account of the, 288
Religion in Spain, Anecdotes of, 353
Reliques, Enormous animal, 572
Resignation, Remarks on, 310
Resurrection—a German anecdote, 99
Rice bread, 536
Roofs of paper, for houses, 475
Rose trees, The two, 351
Rose-water, Recipe for, 171
Rousseau, Anecdote of, 323
Russian honor, 270
——— officer, Anecdote of a, 380
Russia, State of literature in, 608
Sagacity of sheep and cows, 570
Sack of Delhi, 605
Salt for œconomic purposes, Choice of, 9
Sappho, an historic romance, 14, 69, 120, 172, 216, 243, 311, 376, 413, 443, 505, 602
Saragossa, The heroine of, 420
Sassafras nut, 525
Savage, The converted, 569
Scarlet die for cotton, 428
Sea, Diminution of the, 570
Seal, Sensibility of a, 28
Sermons, Remarks on the reading of, 13
Seward (Miss), Anecdote of, 376
She is no more! 27
Sheep and cows, Sagacity of, 570
Sheeraz, Account of, 17
Sicilian inn, 522
Sicily, Notices of, 465
Sick persons, New vehicle for, 380
Sketches of Irish character, 54, 103
Skull, The moving, 276
Small-pox, Decrease of the, 144, 475
Snakes, Remarkable, 475
Soap, Improved, 428
Sow, Docility of a, 26
Spain, Anecdotes of religion in, 353
Spanish bachelors, 426
——— ladies, Picture of the, 209
Spartan temperance, 474
Springs, New, 524
Stoves (bright), Recipe for, 275
Suffocation in deep well, Strange effects of, 474
Sumatra, Account of the inhabitants of, 149
Superstition (Horrible) of the Hindoos, 415, 461
——— (Instance of) in Silesia, 474
Superstitious co-incidence, 472
Swimming, Arabian mode of, 572
Slave-Trade 615
Swallows, Anecdotes of, 524
Tape-worms, Cure for, 536
Tartars (Calmuck), Notices of the, 566
Tax-gathering, Tunisian, 428
Telemachus, Particulars respecting the historic romance of, 523
Temperance, Spartan, 474
Theatrical, misery, A pleasant, 270
Tithes, Curious mode of collecting, 175
Tooth-ache, Cure for, 428, 615
Treasures discovered in France, 192
Treatment of a wife, 110
Trial of love, 448, 501, 589
Tunis, Anecdote of the Bey of, 426
——— Curious custom at, 426
——— Tax-gathering at, 426
Turkish manners, Notices of, 164
Turner (Mrs.)—Her maternal cruelty, 20
Tycho Brahe, Particulars respecting, 224
Vaccination, Progress of, 144, 475
Vigilance of the French police, 318
Vinegar (adulterated), How to detect, 10
Violin, Costly, 428
Voltaire, Anecdotes and remains of, 34, 131, 149, 228, 276, 338, 473
Wardrobe—an anecdote, 31
Warmth, Cheap, 428
Warnings, Mysterious, 176, 213
Water, Interesting remarks on, 323
——— Improved filtration of, 227
——— congealed in a warm room, 427
——— freezing in pipes, How to prevent, 28
Well, Deep, 428
Wellington (Lord), Biographic sketch of, 5, 273
Whale, Enormous, 571
Whatmightbe—a novel, 165, 218, 552, 593
Whirlpool—Change in the Maelstrom, 193
Widows, Burning of, 426
Wife, Treatment of a, 110
Will (suppressed), Anecdote of a, 560
Wind.—Effects of the land-wind, 572
Wine (adulterated), How to detect, 10, 380
Winter-night, a fragment, 67
Witches, 99, 474
Women, Defence of, 32, 82, 106, 147, 210, 255, 320, 370
Women, On the Education of, 569
World, The other—an anecdote, 131
Wounded persons, New vehicle for, 380

INDEX to the POETRY.

Actor and lion, . . . 619
Address delivered by Mr. Osborn at the Haymarket Theatre, . . . 574
Adieu, The, . . . 381
Æolian harp, Ode to the, . . . 86
Amelia (Princess), Elegies on, . 35, 133
Amitié, L', 528.—Imitation, . . 575
Anna, Serenade to, . . . 278
Apollo, Address to, . . . 478
Astrologue, L', . . . 576
Bath, ... 336
Battle, Pause of suspense before, . 184
——— of Sabla, . . . 87
Beauties of nature, . . . 335
Beauty, an ode, . . . 27[illegible]
Beauty's smile, . . . 336
Beggar on horseback, . . . 68
Benyowski, . . . 527
Binnorie, Solitude, of . . . 136
Birth-day, On a child's, . . . 478
Blanch, ... 334
Blush, On a lady's, . . . 135
Bonaparté (Lucien)'s motto, Epigram on, 232
Bouts-rimés, Completions of, 37, 88, 134, 182, 183, 230, 279, 334, 335, 383, 430, 477, 479, 526, 527, 575
Buckinghamshire, Compliment to the Countess of, . . 183, 134
Captive, The, . . . 335
Card-table epitaph on a lady, . . 37
Charade, 478.—Solution, . . 528
Charles I. in captivity, . . . 278
Charm, The nameless, . . . 480
Child, Sonnet to a, . . . 575
Christmas bells, On hearing the, . 133
Claranda, Verses on the death of, 279, 527
Conséquence (La) naturelle, 336.—Imitation, . . . 430
Content, ... 476
Critic, The, ... 480
Deceptions, Optical, . . . 576
Declaration of love, 384.—Reply, *ibid.*
Dog, Epitaph on a, . . . 36
E. A. (Miss), Lines to, . . . 86
Eden, Site of, ... 528
Edward's grave, . . . 183
Effort, Maiden, . . . 430
Eighty years of age, Lines written at, 384
Eliza, Verses to, . . . 88, 575
Englishman's wish in India, . . 620
Enigma, 478.—Solution, . . 528
Epistle, Familiar, . . . 87
Epitaph on a dog, . . . 36
——— on a lady ruined by gaming, 37
Espérance, L', 432.—Imitations, 527, 528
Fair, The sorrowing, . . . 37
Falling leaf, ... 280
Farewell, The, ... 526
Female warrior, ... 232
Fleming (The) and Switzer, . 336, 430
Footman, The shrewd, . . . [illegible]
For-ever, ... [illegible]
French epigrams, Imitations of, 183, 230, 278, 279, 335, [illegible]
Friendship, ... [illegible]
Friendship, Suspended, . . . [illegible]
Grave, Edward's, ... 183
——— of Laughlin, . . . 231
Gothard (St.), The hunters of, . . 480
Half-crown and heart, Stanzas on, . 36
Hair (lock of), To S. M. S. in return for, 476
Harp (Æolian), Ode to the, . . 86
Harvest home, . . . 230, 279
Health, Hymn to, . . . 525
Henery (C.) to Mary, . . . 135
Hermit, The, ... 479
Hope, . . . 478, 527, 528
Hunters of St. Gothard, . . . 480
Hymn by Eugenia, . . . 182
Impromptu on steel stays, . . 279
Invitation, The, ... 88
Joy, Spirit of, ... 576
Judge (The) to the crier, . . . 37
Landing of British army in Portugal, 432.—Lines on reading this, 618
Laugh when you can, . . . 334
Laughlin, Grave of, . . . 231
Law (John), French epitaph on, 184.—Imitation, . . . 279
Leaf, The falling, ... 280
Legitimate son, ... 478
Lenclos (Ninon).—Verses left on her dressing-table—and her answer, 480.—English imitations, . . . 524
Light, Address to, ... 2[illegible]9
Lock of hair, Verses in return for a, 476
Love and valour, ... 334
Love letters, How to write, . . 528
Luxury, Parsimonious, . . . 183
Magnificence, La maigre, 88.—Imitations, ... 182
Maiden effort, ... 430
Maria's Lamentation, . . . 575
Mariner, The, ... 430
Marriage (On a hasty) between young lady and fop, . . . 384
Mary, Verses to, ... 135
Masque, Le, 232.—*Imitation*, . . 335
Midnight, ... 529
Miner, The, ... 183
Miniature likeness of a lady, On the 36
Miser, The, ... 230
———, To a, ... 437
Muse, Address to the, . . . 477

Muse (The) to the poet . . . 477
Nameless charm, . . . 480
Nature, beauties of, . . . 335
Neale (J.)'s declaration of love, 384.—
[illegible] Reply . . . *ibid.*
[illegible]ves, The two, . . . 182
[illegible] Picture of the, . . . 184
[illegible]dos.—Verses left on her dres-
[illegible] ine—and her answer, 480.—
[illegible]h imitations, . . . 528
[illegible]ité, La, . . . 280
[illegible] . . . 383
Ode, Persian, . . . 35
Optical Deceptions, . . . 576
Osborn (Mr.), Lines spoken by, . . . 574
Parsimonious luxury, . . . 183
Pause of suspense before battle, . . . 184
Peace, Address to, . . . 525
Persian ode, . . . 35
Poet, The . . . 477
——, The Muse to the, . . . 477
Portugal, Landing of British army in, . . . 439
Praise, The voice of, . . . 231
Prayer, . . . 616
Poisonous, gin and Sugar, . . . 616
Religion compatible with happiness, 384
Richardson (Miss), Lines to, . . . 429
Ring (wedding), Address to a, . . . 525
Rose, The faded, . . . 383
Roses, The, . . . 231
Romantic Scene, . . . 620
Stanzas, by Miss Squire, . . . 618
Sahla, Battle of, . . . 87
School-mistress, Village, . . . 430
Serenade to Anna, . . . 278
Sisters, The seven, . . . 135
Snow-drop, The, . . . 184
———— Address to a . . . 431
Son, The legitimate, . . . 47[illegible]
Sonnet, by Anonymous, . . . 480
Sorrowing fair, The, . . . 37
Soldier's widow, . . . 382
Sot (Le) enrichi, 37.—*Imitations*, . . . 88
Soul, The author to his own, . . . 478
Sports, Village, . . . 383
Spirit of Joy, . . . 576
Squire (Miss), Acrostich addressed to, . . . 37
Slave-trade . . . 615
Statue of Venus, . . . 479
Steel stays, . . . 279
Suicide, Sonnet on a, . . . 480
Suspended friendship, . . . 135
Swallow, Sonnet to the, . . . 477
Temperance, . . . 336
Thunder-storm, To a lady in a, . . . 528
Toads, The, . . . 136
To-morrow, . . . 432
Trapp's Virgil, Epigram on, . . . 336
Valet (Le) bien avisé, 136.—*Imitations*, 230, 231
Valley, The, . . . 573
Venus, Statue of, . . . 479
Vertu, La, . . . 384
Village school-mistress, . . . 430
——— sports, . . . 563
Virgil (Trapp's), Epigram on, . . . 336
Virtue—imitations from French, 478, 527
Voice of praise, . . . 231
Wallace at the battle of Falkirk, . . . 135
Warrior, Female, . . . 232
Watch-paper, To a lady with a, . . . 384
Wedding ring, Address to a, . . . 525
Widow, On a gay, . . . 184
——— The soldier's, . . . 382
Wife, Children, and Friends, . . . 576
Window, Lines written on a, . . . 280
Winter . . . 26, 618
Wish (Englishman's) in India, . . . 620
Woman: Lines on, . . . 126
W. T. Address to, . . . 336

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Frontispiece to face the engraved Title.
Lord Wellington, . . . page 5
Dresses, No. 1, . . . 34
Arlingham, . . . 51
Dresses, No. 2, . . . 85
The Resurrection, . . . 99
Dresses, No. 3. . . . 132
Donna Isabella de Joya, . . . 147
Dresses, No. 4. . . . 182
The Masquerade, . . . 195
Joseph Paisley, . . . 207
Dresses, No. 5, . . . 229
The Hymn, . . . 243
Dresses, No. 6. . . . 277
The Oath of Nassau, . . . 295
Dresses, No. 7, . . . 333
His Majesty, George III. . . . 342
Dresses, No. 8, . . . 381
The Recovery, . . . 396
Dresses, No. 9, . . . 429
The Consultation, . . . 443
Dresses, No. 10, . . . 476
The friendly Oak . . . 491
Dresses, No. 11, . . . 520
The Reconciliation, . . . 539
Dresses, No. 12, . . . 577
The fatal Nuptials, . . . 587

END OF VOL. XLII.